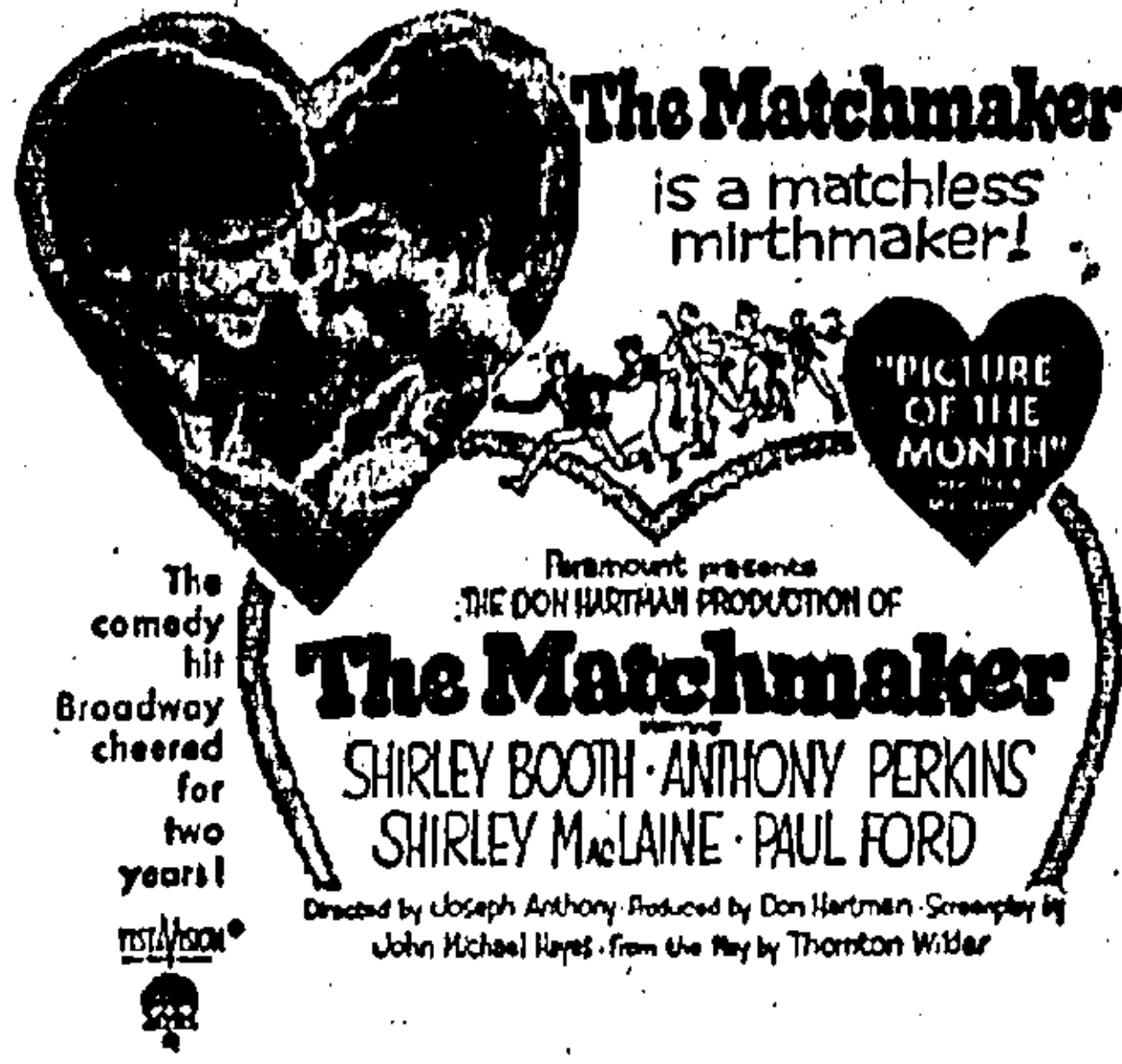


KING'S PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

The Matchmaker says: "Love is nice to have around the house—but there's really no substitute for money!"



PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

To-day At 12.30 p.m. Ingrid Bergman • Charles Boyer • Joseph Cotton in "GASLIGHT"

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Universal-International Presents "WOODY WOODPECKER TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.30 p.m. James Stewart • Doris Day in "THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH" Vista-Vision-Color

Whit Monday At 12.30 p.m. Robert Wagner • Jeffrey Hunter in "THE TRUE STORY OF JESSE JAMES" in CinemaScope and Technicolor

At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

KING'S

WHIT SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. Paramount Presents "POPEYE THE SAILOR TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.15 p.m. Gary Cooper • Audrey Hepburn in "LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.ROBERT MITCHUM
blasts the screen!STAR: WHIT SUNDAY & WHIT MONDAY
(To-morrow & 18th May)SPECIAL PERFORMANCES AT 12.15 P.M.
"LOYOLA, THE SOLDIER SAINT"

At Regular Prices, Special Prices for Students.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW - AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMMEMETROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m. Gordon Scott in"TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI"
An M.G.M. Picture in Color

HOOVER GALA

TO-DAY: AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.25 & 9.50 P.M.

Dave...and trouble...one and the same!

FRANK SINATRA
DEAN MARTIN
SHIRLEY MACLAINEM-G-M presents
A SOL C. ZIEGLER PRODUCTION
"SOME GAVE RUNNING"

Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission

Gala Theatre
at 11.00 a.m.

UNIVERSAL COLOR CARTOONS

Gala Theatre
at 12.15 p.m.Yvonne De Carlo • Rod Cameron in
"SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED"Hoover Theatre
at 12.00 noonGlenn Ford • Shirley MacLaine in
"THE SHEPHERD"FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER"THE MATCHMAKER"
Thornton Wilder's
mirth provoking romp
comes to the King's and
Princess this weekend.

The film is set in Manhattan of the 1880s, and the plot concerns itself with the wiles of a financially embarrassed widow who gaffs a rich store merchant by saying she can arrange a match for him with a young millionaire of New York.

Paul Ford is the merchant, a Transatlantic type of Scrooge who kicks his clerk around. They take their revenge by wrecking his store and taking French leave for the day when (of course) they run into their boss and frustrate his plans somewhat.

The whole thing then becomes very stagey. They meet up in cheeky Miss MacLaine's millinery shop, and there is a hiding in cupboards, behind curtains, a slipping in and out of doors.

Anthony Perkins plays the clerk in revolt, and the ever-green gaz of poor boy ordering his lady love a dinner he cannot pay for, is worked off with remarkable freshness.

Another old gag revives, in this film is where the picture stops and one of the characters addresses the audience.

This is your comedy fare this weekend. I enjoyed the film and at times found myself laughing at Shirley Booth's tricks as a matchmaker.

The period decorations are really something, and the cast acts with a knowing eye on the main chances for fun and games.

The musical background is very good, and it was noticed that the restaurant orchestra playing a selection from the Mikado exactly one year before Arthur Sullivan composed it.

★
"ROOM AT THE TOP,"
(Roxy and Broad-
way) has certainly been ac-
claimed "tops" by the
British public.

In spite of all the honours it has collected, the person who organizes with the credit is director Jack Clayton, and although of limited experience (he has previously directed only one short, which, incidentally, won film festival award) "Room at the Top" places him in the Carol Reed class.

The merits of this film are the following:

First there is the subject matter. Clayton is determined to root out of the stereotyped run of subjects by choosing a small Yorkshire town as his background.

He takes Laurence Harvey, and gives him the part of a young man who takes a job with the Municipal Council.

As I see it, Harvey is an inverted snob. He takes pride in boasting he is common, "working class and proud of it."

Nevertheless, Harvey is angered by the bourgeois snob-business around him. Or is it an inferiority complex? What-
ever it is, Harvey is determined to not only get up among the "posh" people, but to tower above them. To "show them."

His first step on the ladder to success is to go after the daughter of a local millionaire, and from then on the film is one ruthless adventure.

The comic "strange" to imagine the love scenes in a small Yorkshire town, yet that is what it is. It is a drama of lust and ambition, and Harvey is pre-
pared to kick hell over to get what he wants.

While courting his way to fame, he becomes involved in an affair with an unhappy married Frenchwoman.

The scenes which illustrate this have received mixed notices in England. Sufficient to say that the British Film Censors reckoned the film earned an X Certificate. (Adults only.)

Hongkong audiences have had a glimpse of Laurence Harvey before, but in this film they will see him give a most persuasive and subtle performance as a ruthless young man who is angered to success.

Simone Signoret gives a haunting performance as the un-
happily married Frenchwoman who is a victim of the angry young man's ruthless advances.

Heather Sears is the charming daughter of the rich man at whom Harvey aims his sights, while Donald Wolfit is the magnate in a good down-to-earth performance.

Hermione Baddeley is once again perfect in one of these character roles; this time as the blowsy ex-actress.

This film has all the usual merits of a British film, the finely rendered small supporting parts, plus an unusually good story, and the discovery of a fine director, Jack Clayton.

★
"THUNDER ROAD,"
(Star & Metropole)
rough-house epic from the
pen of Robert Mitchum is

Anthony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine in a scene from "The Matchmaker."

staged in the hillbilly ter-
ritory, where in spite of
pastoral surroundings,
moonshine means booze of
a more doubtful quality than
that obtained in a Wanchai
bar.The story concerns itself with
a moonshiner who fights a
censorless war against a "take-
over" gangster and Revenue
men.He deals with the former, but
comes an awful purer when he
tries it on the latter.The motor chases are really
hectic, but in spite of a good
performance by Robert Mitchum,
and his son, come to that, the
story really never gets any-
where.The film keeps moving, but
what it is trying to say is: this
hoodlum is really a good man;
and his heart beats fiercely for
more than whisky fuel.Well of course, you don't be-
lieve it, and neither does Robert
Mitchum, in spite of his per-
formance.Then again, there is a bit of
that starchy eyed nonsense, the
perfect goodly knight business
which seems to go down in the
States. Robert Mitchum is
suffering from a guilty con-
science, although it is not suf-
ficiently guilty into forcing him
to give up his job and enjoy a
quiet mind.On the other hand, he is in
love with a girl from a honky-
tonk, but he refuses to marry
her and bring her down to his
own level.Robert Mitchum tries hard as
Luke, the runner; Jacques
Aubuchon is good in a vicious
role; but the good girl in a bad
dump, Keely Smith, sings in
such a way that I respect her
major profession the more.So there you are. If you
like heart-in-the-mouth spills
and thrills, I can recommend
"Thunder Road" on that account.★
U.S.\$3,000,000...is a lot
of money by any
standards, quite sufficient
to keep several wolves from
several doors. That is the
cash sum spent on "Rio
Bravo" (Lee and Astor),
and one asks why.It has everything the Western
fan demands. "We require one
hero, doughty, dauntless, and
an expert revolver shot. "Rio
Bravo" gives us three.We like to see our hero shoot
his way out of trouble; here we
have three trigger happy
sharpshooters blasting all over
the place, until the screen looks
something like a mixture of the
4th of July and Guy Faux day.One film expert, in a
magazine to which I subscribe,
says there must be a reason for
every film that is made. I am
trying to think of the reason
for making "Rio Bravo."I can conclude that this film
is made to reflect a severe in-
feriority upon such TV films as
"Gunman."None so huge and utterly
meaningless as John Wayne exists
in filmland, but he more than
compensates for cowboy
rock 'n' roll Ricky Nelson who
uses his six-shooter like a
barbecue spit, but is remarkably
accurate as a shot.Ricky 'em cowboy Dean Martin
is in the film, and for one nasty
moment, I could not but suspect
that John Wayne had chosen
the handsome one and two to
offset his rugged masculinity.However, it's what the fans
want. A prize packet with three
prizes. Made in big screen and
Technicolor, with plenty of
action and plenty of shooting,
the fans will pour in.The blurb says, they're
together, and nothing can tear
'em apart. That's all right so
long as the customers don't
start tearing the cinema apart.★
Isabel Jeans, who played Aunt
Alicia in the Academy Awards-
winning "Oligi," has been
signed to portray Sophia Loren's
aunt in OLYMPIA, the
Paramount-Pont-Grosi co-
production, which starts in
Vienna in June.★
George Glass and Walter
Seltzer are executive producers
of ONE-EYED JACKS, which
stars, in addition to Brando
and Malden, leading ladies
Katy Jurado and Pina Felicer.★
Vanguard of Paramount's
BAY OF NAPLES troupe is
scheduled to leave Hollywood
late in May and early June for
Rome. This Melville Shavelson-
Jack Ross production will be
filmed entirely in Italy with
Clark Gable and Sophia Loren
leading the cast.★
Producer Rose, accompanied
by his wife, will arrive in Paris
on May 23 and in Rome on
June 4. Director Shavelson will
leave for Rome on June 4.
Charles Woolstenhulme, unit
manager, will leave for Rome on May 19.
Roland Anderson, unit art
director, leaves for Rome on
June 12.★
Seenes to be shot in the desert
area comprise the prologue of
the film, set according to the
Guy Trosper-Carlo Fiore script
in Old Mexico. Karl Malden,
Ben Johnson, Sam Gilman and
Larry Duran are among
principal players making the
location jaunt for the★
manner. A hundred per-
cent comedy all the way.
Shirley Booth, Anthony Per-
kins, Shirley MacLaine, and
Paul Ford.★
STAR & METROPOLE:
"Thunder Road," hillbilly
melodrama, telling of the
war among moonshiners.
Thrilling motor chase; un-
sympathetic types; no
dances to speak of; thick
deep South accents. Robert
Mitchum; Gene Barry; and
Keely Smith.★
HOOVER & GALA: "Some
Came Running." Small
town drama from the pen of
"From Here to Eternity."
Jones. Good acting with
best performance from
Shirley MacLaine. Frank
Sinatra; Dean Martin; with
Martha Hyer; Arthur
Kennedy; and Nancy Gates.★
LEE & ASTOR: "Rio Bravo."
Three stars teamed in one
Western. Usual ingredient
but made on more luxurious
scale. Easy, entertaining
John Wayne, Dean Martin,
and Ricky (Rock 'n' Roll)
Nelson.★
KING'S & PRINCESS: "The
Matchmaker." Thornton
Wilder's stage success
brought to the screen and
given skilful treatment.
Hick boy goes to town
theme, but done in expert★
dialogue, in which Brigitte
Bardot goes through her
paces with many variations
upon the old theme.
English, sexy, yet in-
telligent in B.B.'s inimitable
fashion. Also Dahlia Gelin.
STAR & METROPOLE: "Fort
Mammoth." CinemaScope
and Colour by De Lux.
Cavalry versus Red Indians
melodrama. Plot is of an
Indian being Cavalry En-
signant who is held on his
own island. Plenty of
action with lovely scenic
backgrounds. Joel McCrea;
Forrest Tucker; and Susan
Cabot.★
HOOVER & GALA: "Night of
the Quarter Moon." MGM's
comment upon racial war,
filmed in the
suburbia of
America. Superbly produced
and cleverly using "Rio
Bravo" style to prominence
and colour, and the prob-
lems. John Wayne; John
Wayne; Barrymore; Anne
Reed; and Dean Jones.★
LEE & ASTOR: "Stranger in
my Arms." A drama of
memory and guilt. A
mother who loses her son
at war; a widow trying to
be faithful to a picture of
the arrival of a messenger. John
Allyn; Jeff Chandler; and
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Lee Astor

TEL. 72436 (BOOKING OFFICE) TEL. 63777

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to Length of Picture Please Note Change of Times:
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.45 P.M.JOHN WAYNE
DEAN MARTIN
RICKY NELSON

Bravo! Bravo! They're Tremendous in...

RIO BRAVO

JOHN WAYNE • DEAN MARTIN • RICKY NELSON
JOHN LUTHER • WALTER BRENNAN • WARD BOND
JOHN LUTHER • WALTER BRENNAN • WARD BOND

MORNING SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES

LEE THEATRE ASTOR THEATRE

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

at 12.30 p.m. at 12.30 p.m.

KNOCK ON WOOD LOVE IS A MANY
SPLENDOR THING

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.SENSATIONAL! IN EVERY WAY
WINNER OF THE THREE TOP
ACADEMY AWARDSBEST FILM FROM ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
BEST DIRECTOR OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR

A Savage Story of lust and ambition

SIMONE SIGNORET
LAURENCE HARVEY
HEATHER SEARS

ROOM AT THE TOP

Distributed by BRITISH LION FILMS
A 20th Century-Fox Release.ROXY: WHIT SUNDAY & WHIT MONDAY
(To-morrow & 18th May)SPECIAL PERFORMANCES AT 12.00 NOON
"LOYOLA, THE SOLDIER SAINT"

At Regular Prices, Special Prices for Students.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show at 11.00 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

To-morrow At 12.15 p.m.

"HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON"

A Fox Picture in CinemaScope & Color
Starring: Robert MitchumSpecial Morning Show on Monday, 18th May
At 12.00 Noon

"UNTAMED"

A Fox Picture in CinemaScope & Color
Starring: Tyrone Power

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

THE 9TH DAY TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.A BULTRAY EXPLOSIVE
DRAMA WITH AN ALL STAR
CAST!This is the most thrilling film
ever made. It's a story of
love, war, and adventure.
The most exciting film
you've ever seen.THE 9TH DAY TO-DAY
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CAST!

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

'Commandos' Move In On UK

The Life On Mars May Hold Surprises

Washington. The life on Mars may turn out to be pretty surprising. For example, says Dr Harold C. Urey, the first space travellers from earth may discover that Martian plants are able to shake themselves.

Urey, 66-year-old University of California chemist, made this suggestion in an interview on the subject of life on other planets. On earth, the basic life substance is deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). It is the vital stuff of viruses as well as genes, the tiny units of heredity.

But the supposed plant life on Mars, Urey said, may be built around some other basic material. Although recognizable as life, it may be fundamentally different from the life that has evolved on earth.

"The plants of Mars," he said, "are not covered up by the dust storms astronomers have seen. Are the plants able to shake the dust off themselves?"

"Why not?" "I ask this question of people, and they laugh. But I say, 'why not?' The plants of Mars may be completely different from ours."

It may be, he said, that organisms dwelling on Mars couldn't live on earth and vice versa. It also is possible, on the other hand, that Martian life instead of being basically different from earth's is basically similar to it.

In any event, every effort must be made, Urey said, to avoid contaminating Mars with organisms from earth. That would spoil scientific investigation of the red planet. He said it is just as important to avoid contaminating the earth with organisms from Mars.

"Organisms living under the exceedingly adverse conditions on Mars, if transplanted to the earth might take over," Urey said.—UPI.

It's Dali's Latest—A BOMB

London. Salvador Dali arrived in town recently with a bomb. The bomb was a square box filled with scrap iron and nuts and bolts.

The box was lined with dynamite and contained an explosive charge. Dali promised to set the bomb off. The scratching of the scrap against the copper, he said, would produce "such engravings as a man has never seen before."

The surrealist painter is here to publicise his new biography by Fleur Cowles.—UPI.

John Looks In Anger

London, May 15. Writer John Osborne looked back in anger at the critics who predicted early death to his new play, "The World of Paul Sikeley."

Trouble Schools

London. London, faced like the rest of the world with rising juvenile delinquency, has decided to send highly-trained "commando teachers" into trouble-spot schools.

Their specific assignment is to be "missionaries" of modern education and they will get extra pay for the difficult job of managing unmanageable boys and girls.

School officials deny that they are moving in on any English-style "Blackboard Jungle," but the fact remains that delinquency among youth remains one of Britain's biggest problems.

This traditionally law-abiding nation is frankly against at the postwar up-trend in youth crime. The Home Secretary Mr R. A. Butler had to report this month that the greatest increase in crime last year was among the 14-21 age group.

London County Council's education committee, one of the biggest school boards in the world, will try out a first contingent of 30 hand-picked, specially-trained "commando teachers."

"These missionary teachers will be extra people over the normal allocation," an L.C.C. official said. They will be assigned at first to 12 schools out of the 400 public schools in London county, one of six counties making up metropolitan London.

Each "commando" will receive a £180 annual allowance as an inducement to attack with the tough assignment. He or she may be asked to stay in one school for a two-year term, or moved about on emergency missions.

Schoolteacher-author John Townsend, 34, whose recently published book "The Young Devils" is said to have jolted the County Council into launching its programme, warned that school authorities are missing half the target if they're out only to reform the students.

"Where you have problem students you always have a problem headmaster and you can't get rid of him," said Townsend, who himself is ready to volunteer as an L.C.C. trouble shooter. "The special teaching programme is a step in the right direction but it doesn't go far enough. You need the same 'missionary' programme applied to headmasters because every school stands or falls by its headmaster."

Young Lion. "What he needs are qualities like strength of character and a public relations sense—all the things they don't look for in the headmasters whom they have now."

Townsend pointed out that in the real problem schools, which, fortunately, are few, one of every five children might reach the age of 15 without being able to read and write, and one out of ten

BILLY GRAHAM DRAWS 150,000



This aerial photo of the Sydney Showground (foreground) and the Sydney Cricket Ground was taken during the recent record-breaking sermon by Dr Billy Graham.

Dr Graham gave two sermons to crowds of 80,000 and 70,000 during the evening. He was mobbed by crowds who rushed forward to see him more closely after his final sermon at the Showground.

That Dirty Tap Water. Orpington, May 15. Vegetarian Mrs Barbara Lawson, 50, drove off a crew of city plumbers the other day when they tried to install water pipes in her house.

They left to get a warrant and she returned to drinking rain water.

"This is an initial victory to me," she said. "But even if they do forcibly lay on their filthy water to my home, I shall not use it."—UPI.

STATE. OPENING TO-DAY. At 8.30, 8.50, 9.10 & 9.30 p.m.

DEBORAH KERR. DAVID RIVEN. JEAN SEBAST. MYLES KEMPSON. In the Play: BONJOUR TRISTESSE.

A story of unmatched accuracy—backed by official figures!



In 1958 Rolex manufactured a total of 64,598 fine men's watches, and 35,250 which were submitted to the Swiss Institutes for Official Time-keeping Tests, were awarded an Official Chronometer Certificate.

This means that 54 per cent of all the men's watches made by Rolex in 1958.

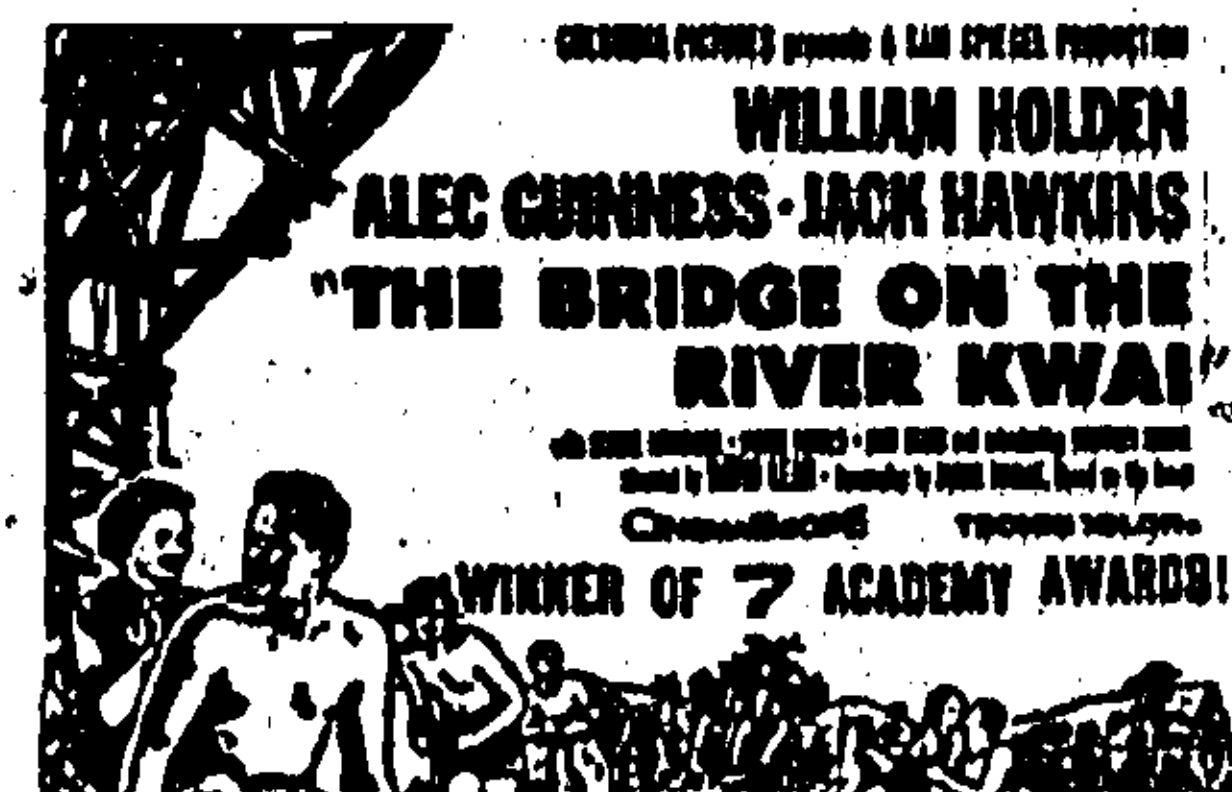
Won the coveted title of "Officially Certified Chronometer." All these Rolex chronometers passed the stringent tests, in five different positions, at extreme temperatures, during 15 days and nights.

A far greater proportion of watches made by Rolex achieved this high distinction than those of any other watch manufacturer. Thus the Rolex policy of manufacturing only watches of the utmost precision and quality is vindicated by this record, and by the facts shown in the panel on the right.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

3 SHOWS DAILY AT 2.30, 6.15 & 9.20 P.M.



ADMISSION PRICES: F.S. 70 cts., M.S. \$1.20, B.S. \$1.70, D.C. \$2.00 & LOGE \$2.40. TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES. At 10.45 a.m. STEWART GRANGER in "GUN GLORY". At 12.30 p.m. BRIGITTE BARDOT in "NERO'S WEEK-ENDS".

SHEUM'S CIRCUS

Bus Terminus (Old Runway Extension, Kai Tak) Wong Tai Sin, Kowloon City.

2 SHOWS DAILY AT 7.15 & 9.30 P.M. 3 SHOWS ON SAT., SUN. & WHIT MONDAY, the 18TH. Extra performance at 8.30 p.m.

Booking Tel. 57540 Office Tel. 57435

Admission: \$1.20, \$1.70, \$2.40, \$3.50 & \$4.70 (Servicemen & Children HALF PRICE)

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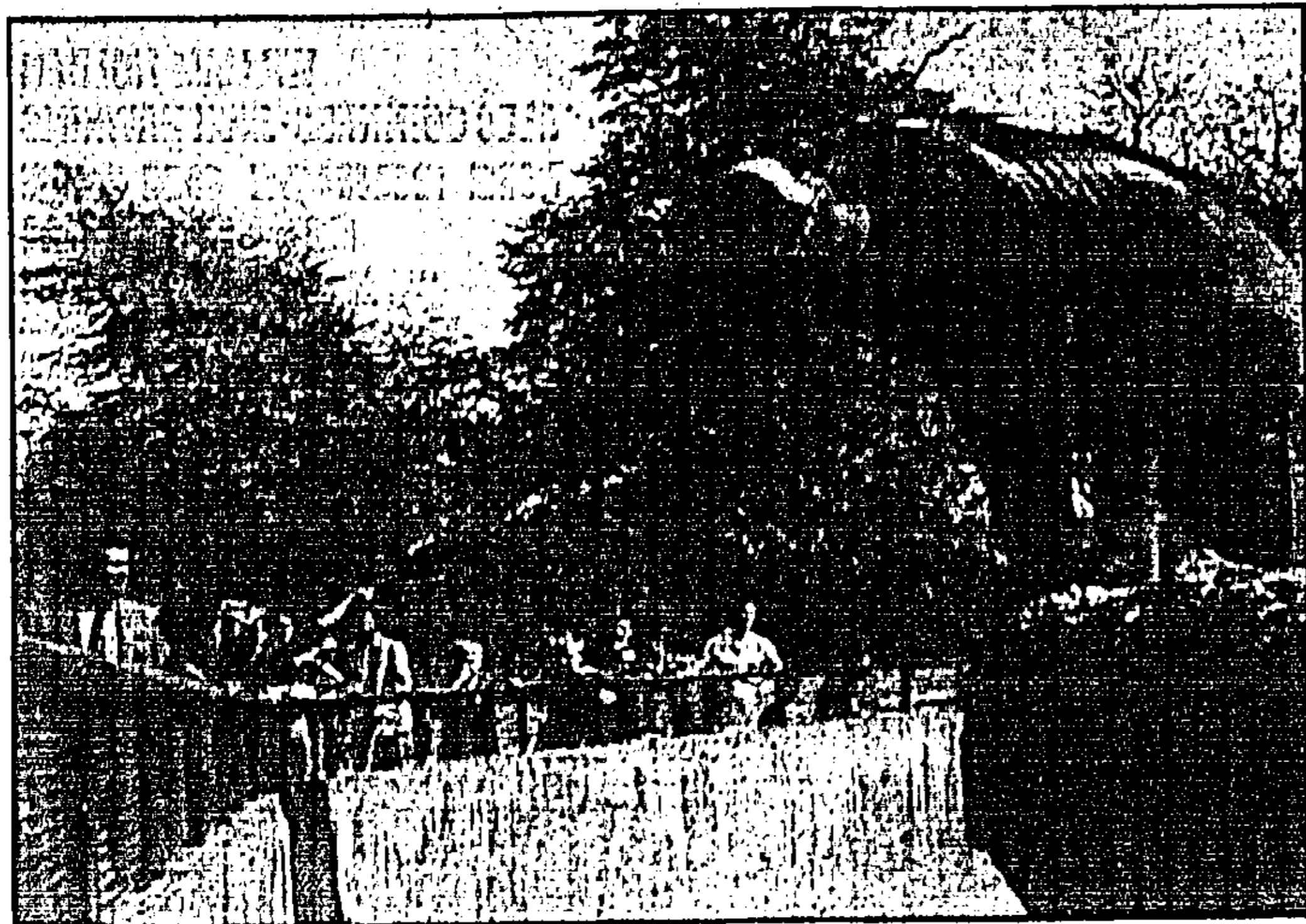
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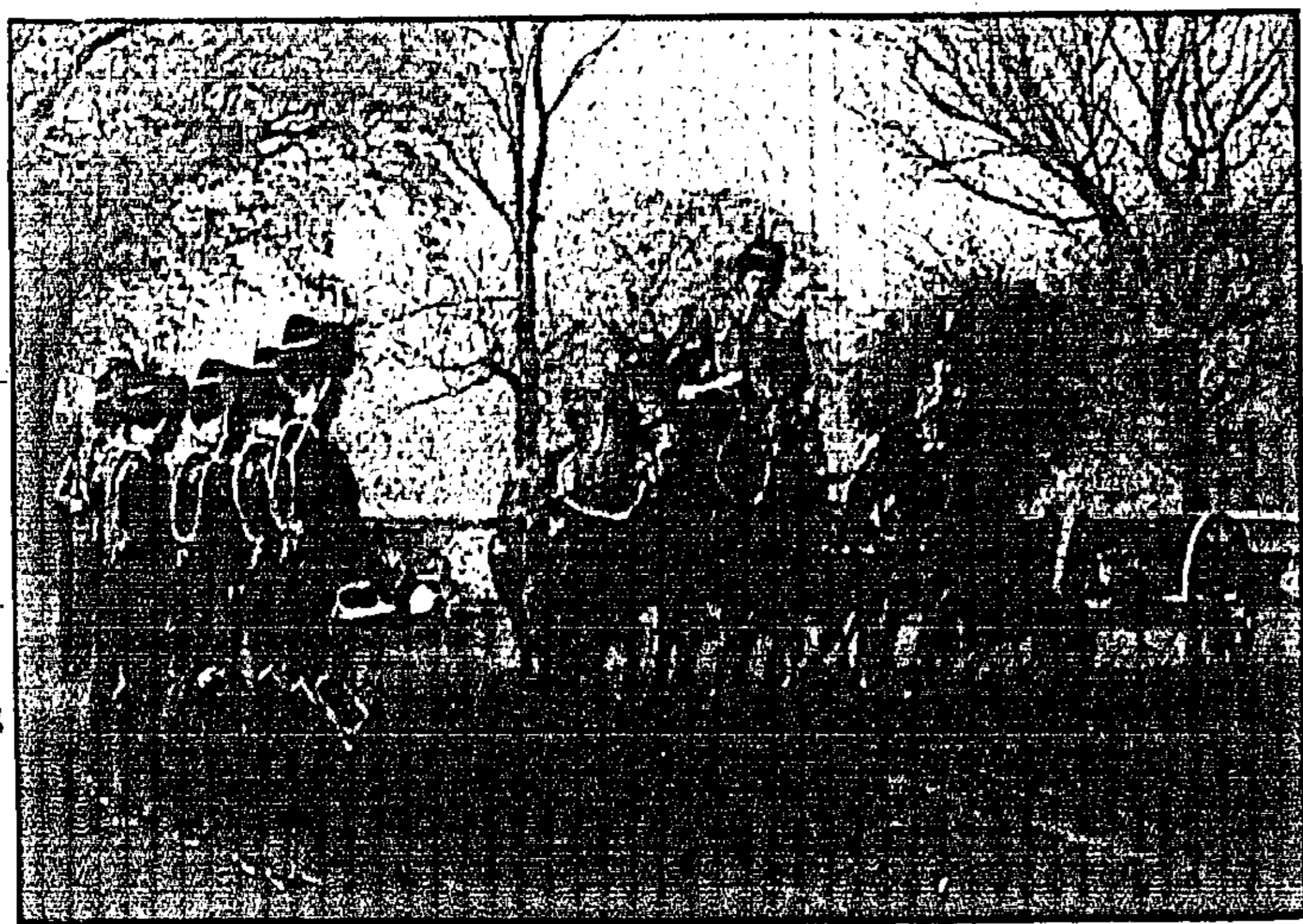
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ONE of the elephants at the London Zoo in his anxiety to get the good things to eat from the visitors, perches precariously on the edge of the pit. His surefootedness won the day and the good things of life were his.



★ ★ ★

RIGHT: Thousands turned out recently at Windsor Great Park to watch a polo match in which Prince Philip was playing. But quite a number were attracted to the paddock where Princess Anna was busy with bucket and sponge grooming her father's horses.

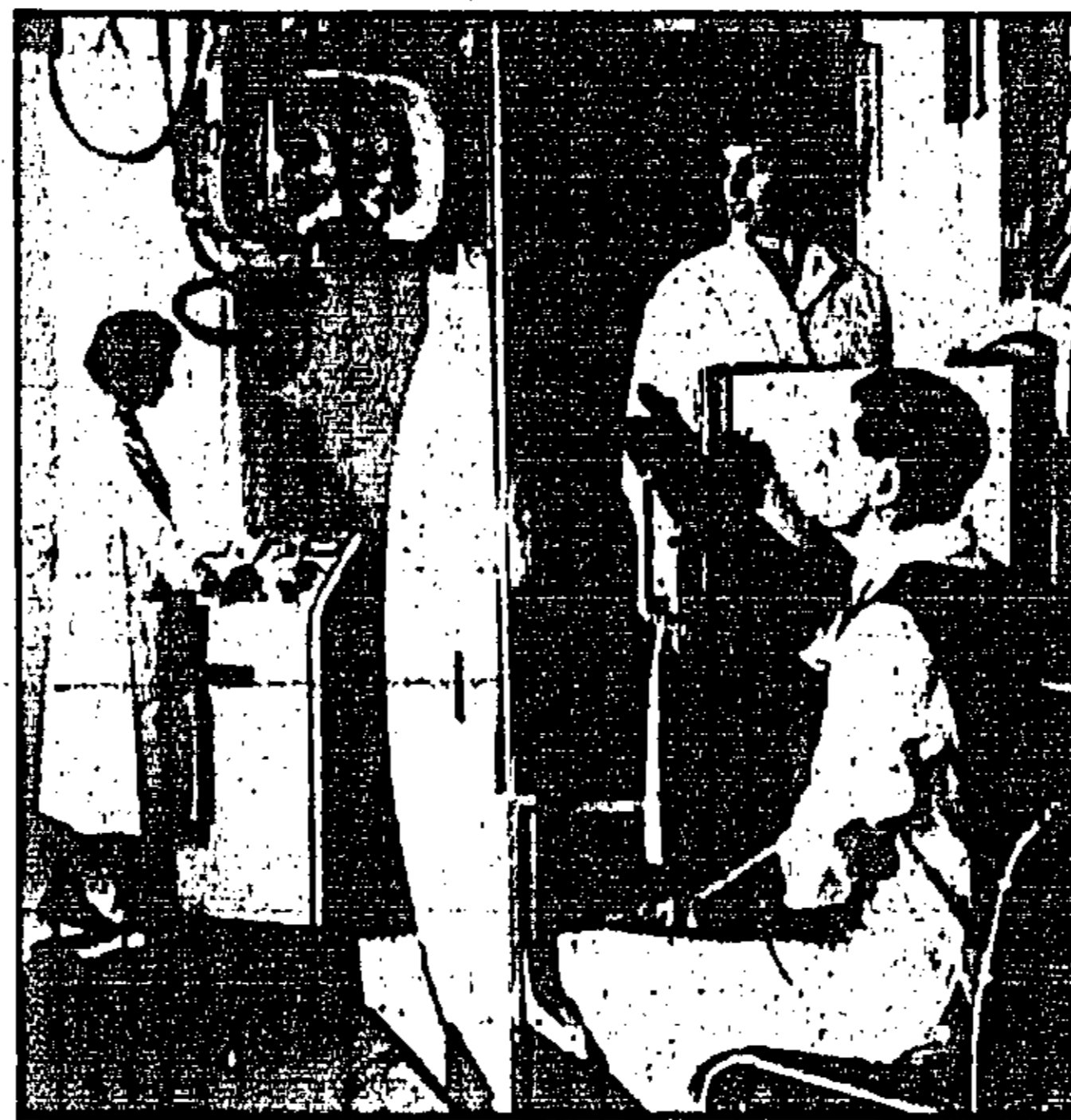
THE King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery practising in Regents Park in preparation for the Royal Tournament which takes place at Earls Court on June 3.



BELOW: Londoners cheer the Shah of Persia on his arrival at Buckingham Palace with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh recently.



THE Queen, escorted by the Shah of Persia, and followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, arriving for the banquet at the Persian Embassy given during the Shah's recent visit to London.



THE modern wonders of X-ray and television have been combined in a new equipment by Marconi. For the first time a clear X-ray picture is shown on a television type screen which can be viewed in normal light.



THE greatest wish of a little American girl, Veronica Martineau, was to see Queen Elizabeth. She wrote to Buckingham Palace and was told to wait outside the Palace gates last week. She did, and was rewarded with a wave from the Queen.



ABOVE: Lunch-time crowds view the annual London County Council display of paintings held at the Victoria Embankment Gardens recently.

★

LEFT: The Rumanian dancer Dolna Trandafir, who was granted asylum by the British Government after her tour with the Rumanian State Dancing Company last March. Dolna is to marry a French businessman next month.



THE Army cookery competition finals were held at Aldershot last week. Picture shows a judge tasting a portion of the finished meal after the field cookery competition.



LEFT: The scene of havoc in Cardiff recently when a pilot deliberately crashed his aircraft, which was out of control, into a street to avoid crashing on a sports ground crowded with schoolboys.

NANCY

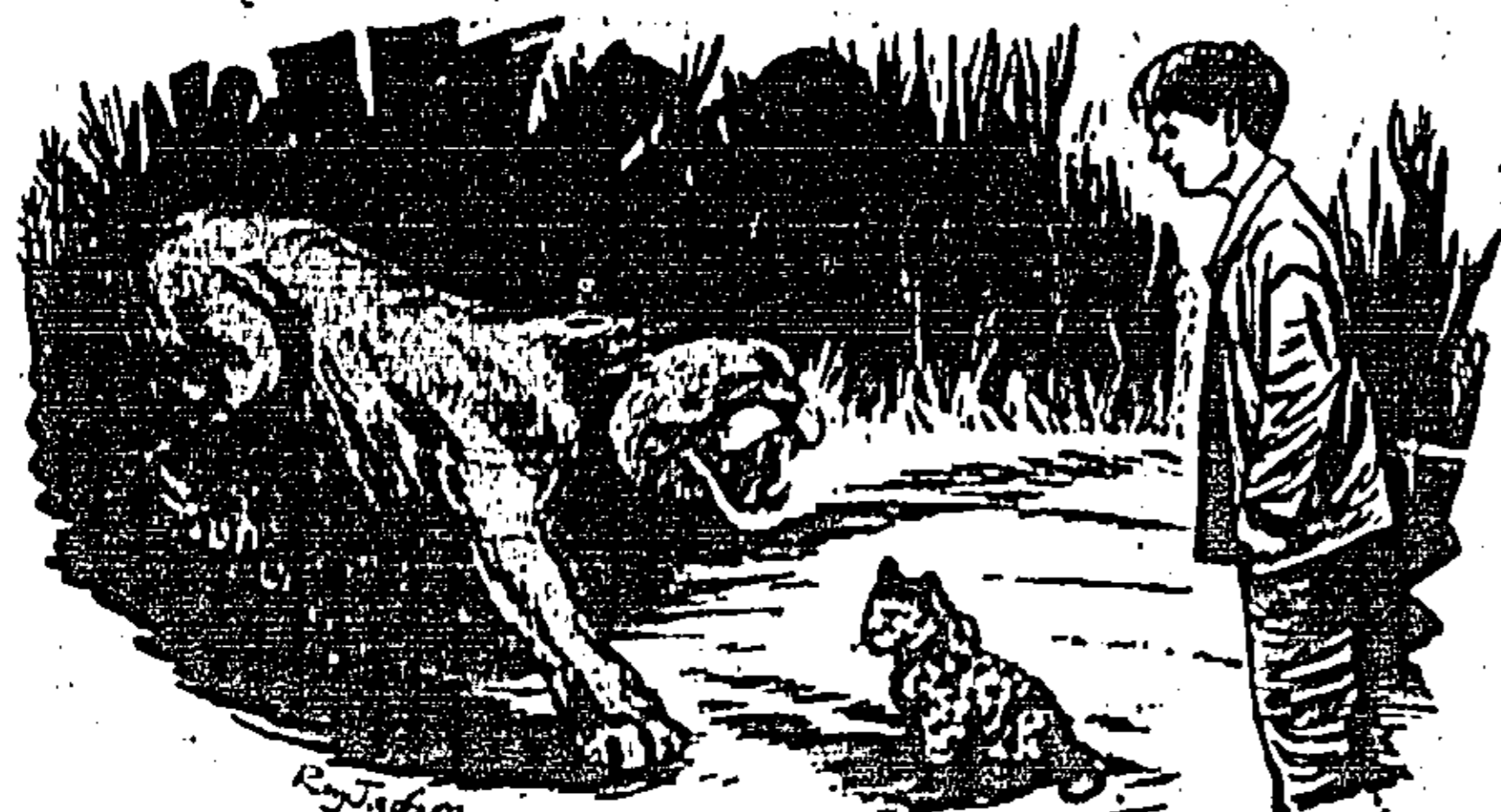
By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREE'S



? DID IT HAPPEN... ?



The big cat edged forward and purred at moonlight.

Mrs Puma gets her baby back

ROMANCE and danger are two things which have often gone hand in hand in my life. Even as a small child strange events seemed to crowd down upon me. So strange, indeed, that they have been called fictitious. But what I am going to tell you now is still very clear and real to me.

I was seven at the time and my brother, Bernard, nine. My father, who was a well-known lecturer on musical theory and history, had been invited by the Colon Opera Company in Buenos Aires to make a tour of the Argentine Republic.

The invitation coincided with the dissolution of his marriage, and he decided to take us with him. His sister, our Aunt Lillian, was to fill our mother's place and take care of us.

We were enchanted by this great new country which was beginning then to stir with its consciousness of wealth and national grandeur. After a week in Buenos Aires we went up country, first to Rosario and then to Cordoba. Here my father received an invitation to extend the tour with a week in Chile.

Neither Bernard nor I could persuade him to take us with him across the Andes. We were sent instead to an estancia up in the Cordoba Cordillera, there to stay out of harm's way until he returned.

The estancia, Rincon Flor (or Flower Corner) was owned by friends whom father had made in Buenos Aires. Bernard and I were delighted with the prospect of living in the wilds.

We quickly made friends with the ranch hands and the peasants, who adopted children. Although Aunt Lillian was always in the background, we were free to do as we pleased and, oddly, we seldom abused the privilege.

But one day something sensational happened. A peon boy, Nilo, came to us at the pens where the bulls were being branded. In his arms he held the cutest, cuddliest little bundle of fur we had ever seen. We did not know it, but it was a puma.

Nilo spoke no English, but it soon became apparent that he'd brought us this baby as a present.

Bernard and I were delighted, and Aunt Lillian (who had an idea what manner of beast it was) agreed that we should keep it during our stay at Rincon Flor.

DELIGHTED

Delighted, we petted and fed the little thing and that night we put him in a box beneath the window. Even before we had climbed into bed, he was fast asleep in the drugged slumber of the very young. That is, until his mother traced his scent and came from the pampas to fetch him away.

When Bernard awoke me, the moon was low in the sky and very silver.

Bernard whispered: "Someone's trying to get in." I listened, but the only sound seemed to be a faint rustling beneath our window. Then we saw that our baby puma had left his box and was poised with his small front paws against the sill.

Presently he gave an excited squeak. Outside, very distinctly, we heard a low responding growl followed by a light thump. Then, cut sharp and black against the moon, a head came slowly over the window-sill—the head of a large cat.

For a second, while mother and son gazed upon each other, we stayed still, watching, breathless and fascinated. Then Bernard could contain himself no longer.

"Denise," he whispered, "it's Mrs Puma. She's come to fetch her baby!"

At that, "Mrs Puma," startled by his voice leaped back into the compound.

"I suppose I scared her away," Bernard said.

by DENISE ROBINS

on the scene with Juan, her husband, who was one of the gardeners. They had found us gone, watched and traced us to this clearing.

When this story was retold, we were informed that Maria, upon seeing the big cat, opened her lips to scream but her husband had put his hand over her mouth.

"Do not utter a sound. If you frighten the animal," he hissed, "she will tear the boy to pieces."

Maria, half-fainting, muttered: "Dios mios, the poverito is as good as dead."

They stared in agony. They saw my brother smiling and me watching delightedly as he pushed the little puma toward the mother.

UNCERTAIN

Now Mrs Puma instinctively tensed herself, uncertain, afraid. She growled softly and whisked her tail. Frankly with excitement the little puma wriggled and squeaked and shuffled toward her. Then, like a spoiled child sat back on his haunches and waited for her to collect him.

The big cat, still crouching edged forward, and paused at the fringe of moonlight. She took no notice whatsoever of Bernard or me. For a long time mother and child surveyed each other as though waiting for the next move.

Then, very slowly Mrs Puma slithered forward again until her whole silky length was spread into the clearing.

Maria and Juan, said they nearly died of fright but Mrs Puma knew, somehow, that we children were not her enemies, but her friends.

Suddenly, in a quick, deliberate moment of decision, she straightened her legs, stopped gracefully forward and picked her child off the ground. She turned about and walked towards the shadows. But at the edge of the moonlight circle, before she disappeared for ever, she disappeared for ever.

Then she disappeared, and Maria and Juan, sobbing, rushed toward us.

As much as to say: "Muchas gracias! Thank you very much, for giving my child back to me."

Then she disappeared, and Maria and Juan, sobbing, rushed toward us.

That she was one of the most deadly and dangerous of feline creatures, never entered our heads. Snakes and spiders we had been told to avoid, but who would have mentioned pumas?

Besides, we little children had no natural fear of anything that looked so like a large domestic cat.

Bernard moved forward and placed the baby puma on the ground. He stood a moment watching it with me.

It was then that Maria, Aunt Lillian's special maid, appeared

• BY THE WAY •
by Beachcomber

OF all the 731,248 committees pullingling up and down England none has touched my heart more surely than the one set up to give codfish a more attractive name and so increase the sales.

So far "Cleopatra", "Cleodette", and "Camellia" have been suggested. I think I'll suggest "Cleopatra" or "Camellia" would soon become the rage. But if cod is to be made so alluring, hake must change its name by fish-deed-poll to "Mignonette". And what about a glamorous kipper called "Melissande"?

Narkover outwits detectives

ASKED for comment on the finger-printing of boys at a school by detectives, Dr Smart-Allick said: "Most of our boys come from homes where gloves are worn for certain jobs, so that when they arrive here the

habit has been formed. After one rather scandalous incident (the theft of a roulette table from the music-master's study) detectives came to finger-print all the masters and boys. A science master saved the honour of the school by saying this had already been done, and handing them a number of finger-prints of aborigines collected in Australia."

Shave for a rainy day

Everyone who is wise shaves in preparation for old age. (City Notes)

IT is the smart precaution against a beard. The careless man who leaves it to chance will find his face, in retirement, covered with hair.

Stop press

A RUMOUR that a boat rowed by Donnie Dabo Bardot has been smuggling arms into Monaco has been denied.

(London Express Service).



London. **OSTENSIBLY**, Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, Shahanshah of Persia, King of Kings, Shadow of the Almighty, Centre of the Universe, should be one of the world's happiest men.

He is fit, young and handsome. He is supposedly immortal. He owns seven palaces, and rules 19 million people. He inherited a throne and £28 million, today lives on a tax-free £80,000 a year. And he has been married to two of the most beautiful women in the Middle East.

But wealth, health and power have not brought ease of mind to the 39-year-old Shah of Persia.

In 19 years of uneasy rule over a conglomeration of millionaire potentates and shuffling beggars, he has once (in 1953) been forced to flee from his Peacock Throne; his life has been seriously threatened four times by anti-royalist factions, and once he was wounded in the face.

To top it all off, the Shah has no male heir after 16 years of two broken marriages.

Today, behind the walls of his marble palace dominating the teeming squallor and opulence of Tehran (population: 1,500,000), the Shah is, and looks, a very worried man. The springy hair is prematurely grey; the deepest eyes are permanently darkened by thick, frowning eyebrows. He is expressing no more than fact when he refers to the opposition festering against him, and says: "I could be killed at any moment."

Nine years after his accession, he had already given away £25 million of his private inheritance. And, when that was gone, he insisted on selling to poor peasants all his remaining Crown lands.

The Shah's weaknesses, however, are many. In the arid table-land of Persia, where the richest survive, his very democracy is stripping him of his strength. He tends to compromise and he is devoted to pleasurable pursuits—among them, horse-racing, tennis (which he plays like a star), reckless driving in fast cars, tiger-shooting, and piloting his own plane.

All this is very much in line with the Shah's character. Lithe, handsome, soft-spoken, he professes outdoor adventure to the vortex of politics, romance to intrigue. Unfortunately, his reign has had to survive them all.

The story of the Shah of Persia is a story of old customs versus new ideas, of revolutions and disasters, of a man who wanted all, yet gave everything away.

Mohammad Reza Pahlavi and his twin-sister, Ashraf, were born in a dark, tapestried harem in Tehran's best residential quarter, on October 26, 1919.

It was no royal harem, but a modest middle-class establishment of three dutiful wives, nine equally dutiful children (of which Mohammad and Ashraf were the eldest), and a fiery, mustachioed captain in the Persian Cossack Brigade called Reza Pahlavi.

At that time, there was no hint of great wealth or power for the Pahlavis. The twins played happily for three years among the merchants of the crowded bazaars and the washer-women, gazing wide-eyed at the long camel caravans as they came swilling in from the desert.

Then suddenly, in 1921, the scene changed. One-time shepherd Reza Pahlavi, now 43 and a colonel, led his hard-riding Cossacks to an audacious coup d'etat that made him overnight Prime Minister of Persia. Four years later, his National Assembly deposed Persia's Sultan Ahmad Shah, last of the Qajar dynasty, and elected Pahlavi to his place as Shah.

As in a fairy-tale, the middle-class background of Mohammad Reza disappeared in a puff of intrigue. The house became seven palaces, the street merchants potentates, the cluttered alleyways chandeliered halls.

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THE SHAH OF PERSIA

He Has Wealth, Health And Power, But . . .

By Simon Kavanaugh

years' education in Switzerland. How perfect, it seemed, that this Arabian Nights figure should lose his heart to one of the world's most beautiful princesses—voluptuous, sloe-eyed Fawzieh, 16-year-old sister of Egypt's King Farouk. And how perfect, it seemed, that he should have first fallen in love with her picture in a glossy Swiss magazine.

On March 15, 1939, the Crown Prince and his bride—who wore a 24000 gown and £50,000 worth of diamonds—stood on the flower-covered balcony of Cairo's Abdin Palace, acknowledging a thunderous royal salute and the roar of thousands. Festivities lasted a month.

But the salutes and the cheers were to have a hollow ring for Mohammad Reza in the years to follow: European war, failure to produce a male heir, his father's abdication, and his own shock-necessitated estrangement with Fawzieh and, in 1948, divorce. The troubles piled up.

Meanwhile, rebellion was simmering in Northern Persia, where the Russian-supported Tudeh Party was trying to foster a separatist sect. On February 4, 1949, a Tudeh snail fired five shots at the Shah. Three missed, but one struck his hip and another grazed his shoulder.

The Tudeh Party was immediately proscribed and the vacillating Majlis (Lower House), shocked into action, began to come out more on the side of the Shah's domestic ideas. "Keep going," the Shah said wryly. "You cannot expect me to be shot at each week to keep you on your toes."

Later that year, first reports began to circulate that the heir-

less Shah had decided to marry Soraya Estandari Bakhtiari, the beautiful 18-year-old daughter of a Persian nobleman and a German mother. His first glimpse of her, so it is said, was also in a glossy magazine.

But the wheel of revolution was turning fast. Three days after the Shah's hasty flight, General Zohdi mastered his Royalist forces, retrieved control of Tehran and arrested the 73-year-old Mossadeq. On August 22, the Shah returned in triumph, and Mossadeq was sentenced to three years' solitary confinement, being freed in August, 1956.

Although today Persia is predominantly Royalist, strong Communist factions are growing in Tehran and the Shah is having to hold tight rein over his 130,000-strong Army, his Air Force (6,000 men; 200 planes), and his Navy, comprising a small fleet of gunboats and motorboats in the Persian Gulf.

But again the shouts and the guns were to echo hollowly in the Shah's ears. The next month, his moderate Prime Minister, Ali Razmara, who was opposed to nationalisation of Persia's 40 million-ton-a-year oil industry, was assassinated and, less than two months later, Dr Mohammed Mossadeq, who approved of nationalisation, was elected in his place.

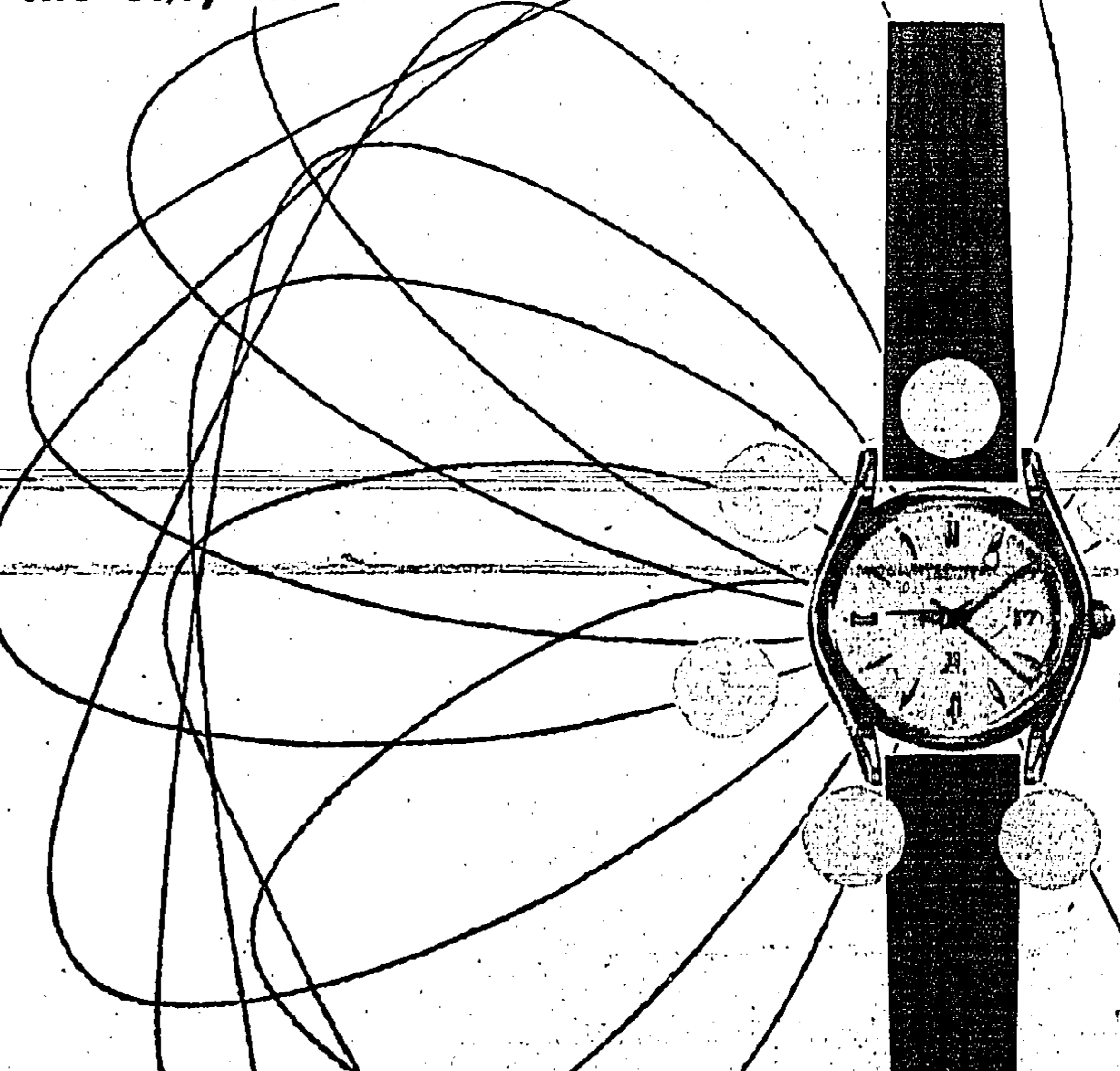
With Mossadeq came a new threat to the Peacock Throne. Irregularities, riots, ultimata eventually came to a head in 1953 when the Shah dismissed the brilliant, ambitious doctor from office for trying to dissolve the Majlis. In his place, went General Zohdi, an ex-Minister of the Interior.

The Shah rushed in to finish Mossadeq off. Within a few days, a tank and several lorries loaded of Imperial Guards rumbled to the gates of Mossadeq's Tehran home with orders to arrest him.

Certainly, it looks at present as if the reign of the Pahlavi dynasty, a two-generation, 34-year chapter following more than two centuries of despotic Qajar rule, might end soon for lack of an heir. The Shah's next brother was killed in an air-crash in 1954, and the remainder of his family exiled for complicity in intrigues.

If the Shah's present-day search for a new queen smacks of high romance, it is also a grim and harsh necessity.

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Behind the scenes at Buckingham Palace,
officials plan a secret deal to...

Save The Queen

Those Long, Non-Stop Tours:

Those Endless Handshakes:

Those 'Duty' Week-Ends

By PETER EARLE

London. A TOP-SECRET now "Battle Order," aimed at protecting the Queen from overwork, has been prepared at Buckingham Palace. It covers everything, from Her Majesty's health to who shakes the royal hand at official receptions.

For some time officials have been worried that the Queen is being asked to do too much and about the way in which scheduled engagements have been allowed to telescope into each other, thereby giving the Queen very little time "off duty."

Presentation lists, too, have mysteriously turned out bigger than at first thought. The Queen herself was approached about "taking it easy," but refused to cut down on her public duties.

So the backroom planners are determined to make quite sure nobody oversteps the mark.

and tries to put more and more work on the Queen.

From now on, I can reveal, weekend work is OUT. The Queen must also have the day-time free on Monday.

And if there is an evening engagement, generally theatrical, the show must NOT be spun out, as often happens, just because the Queen is there.

* * *

Provincial tours must be arranged so that they finish at Windsor. There must be no long-drawn-out one such engagement into another. And tours will be of two days' maximum duration. (Three days is now officially considered to be too much.)

Special instructions are also being laid down for visits paid by the Queen to private homes. Her hosts and hostesses will be told that the Queen will not leave their house before ten in the morning for more work, and, if she has a late engagement the night before, not before eleven.

She must have a minimum of an hour and a half for lunch. A closer watch will be kept on presentations at public functions. Generally speaking, twenty handshakes will be the maximum allowed.

* * *

Presentations en bloc will be allowed only on a full civic day, and individual presentations will be confined to the most senior officials present.

Under the new regulations, many wives who have hitherto met the Queen would now do so.

The two months the Queen spends at Balmoral in the Highlands of Scotland and the month at Sandringham in England are officially considered absolutely essential from a medical point of view.

TOUR NOTE: Mr Esmond Butler, the Queen's Canadian Press secretary, has had special guidance on similar lines with regard to the forthcoming Canadian tour.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN

White's "Blackmar Gambit" in the following game (Duhm v. Grau) is probably unsound, but it gives splendid attacking chances in practice. 1 P-Q4, P-Q4; 2 P-K4, P-K4; 3 K-QB3, K-KB3; 4 P-B3, P-K4; 5 QxP, QxP; 6 B-B3, Q-K5; 7 Kt-K5, Q-K5; 8 P-B3, QxP; 9 Kt-P3, K-QB1; 10 R-Q1, K-K5; 11 B-B4, K-K5; 12 B-Q3, QxP; 13 K-B2, B-Q2; 14 R-K1, K-K4; 15 Kt-K2, Q-B4; 16 K-K3, Kt-B3; 17 QxKt, QxQ; 18 B-Q2, K-R5; 19 B-B2, K-R6; 20 B-K4, KxP; 21 Kt-B3 mate.

Solution No. 5614: 1 B-K4 (threat 2 QxKt); Kt-B3; 2 Kt-Q1-Q2, or R-K5; 3 BxR4, or Kt-R4; 4 Kt-K3, or Kt-K7; 5 R-K3.

London Express Service.

FESTIVAL IN KUALA LUMPUR

THE TRIALS OF A JURY

The first of four articles by John Luff on his experiences as adjudicator in the Asian Film Festival

ON Saturday, April 25, just three weeks ago, planes from all points of Asia were descending upon Kuala Lumpur. There were no special flights, they were not necessary at this time because the planes carried only their usual quota of passengers, the only unusual quality being that each plane carried two people who had the delegated power to sit in judgment upon Asia's films, and after long deliberation, to pronounce upon such films which had outstanding qualities.

I stayed overnight at Singapore and left at seven o'clock in the morning, anxious to arrive and settle in before beginning what I knew must be a long and arduous task. I arrived at Kuala Lumpur quite prepared to endure one of those long and searching sessions while the authorities determined the status and whereabouts of the said John Luff. In this I was pleasantly disappointed.

I was met at the airport by Mr. G. H. Kiat, Executive Secretary to the Film Festival Committee. From then on everything moved with precision. Within one minute, I was walking out of the airport to a car which had driven to move within one inch of the taboo zone, and was on my way to the appointed hotel.

* * *

Unfortunately, Mr Kiat had no control over the economy of the hotel, a pleasant enough building by any standards, but it was run as usually as a Bloomsbury boarding house.

I had to wait in the lounge while departing guests were flung out of their beds and hastened on their way, but at last shown to my room, there began one of those battles the experienced traveller wages from time to time. Incensed upon some former occasion, the hotel proprietors had removed all bells from the rooms and guests were invited to use the room telephone. I lifted the receiver and waited. After a long silence, an incredulous voice asked, "Yes?"

I asked for a number of things among them a key in order that I take the elementary precaution of locking my door before taking a bath.

The sheer audacity of my using the room telephone immediately upon arrival was too much for the operator. I was instantly put in my place, and as a punishment, no soap was placed in my room during the remainder of my stay. However, my presence was acknowledged upon my departure. I was presented with a bill, the laundry item of which alone would have kept a poor family

in comfort over a considerable period. Kuala Lumpur was just recovering from a convention of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. In the drawers of my dressing table were a considerable number of pamphlets sitting out in detail the pleasurable activities of the J.C.s. I noticed a few telephone numbers scribbled here and there; they seemed interesting.

However, there was little time for meditation. A summons for the jurors was issued, and on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, we met in the offices of the Cathay Organisation, who placed their pre-view projection room entirely at our disposal.

The Chairman was elected from our host country. No better choice could have been made. Che Mohd. Ghazali Bin Shafie is Permanent Secretary to the Malaysian Government, Ministry of External Affairs. His appointment as our Chairman at once lifted the Jury to considerable status.

I found him to be a man of wide cultural tastes; of inflexible principles, extremely forthright when necessary, of considerable tolerance, and gifted above all with a puckish sense of humour.

He immediately reminded the Jury of their duties. We were to forget the country which had appointed us. We were there to choose the best film shown to the Festival. We were not to discuss the films even among ourselves, and above all, we were not to speak to anyone outside about the films until the judging was over.

That seemed perfectly fair to me. After discussing the various details by which we should assess the films, we broke off for luncheon, and at two o'clock saw our first film.

* * *

That evening we broke off at about six o'clock to attend a dinner, but for the remaining eight days, we were to work far into the night, and on one occasion narrowly missed working into the next day.

It might be thought that the strains would be overwhelming. Sixty hours of sitting looking at films alone, excluding such time we sat and entered our marks.

Sixty miles of celluloid slipped through the projector. Colour, black and white; tears; laughter; beauty and ugliness; all made their impact on the senses of the beholder.

Some films were exhausting; some were boring; some were

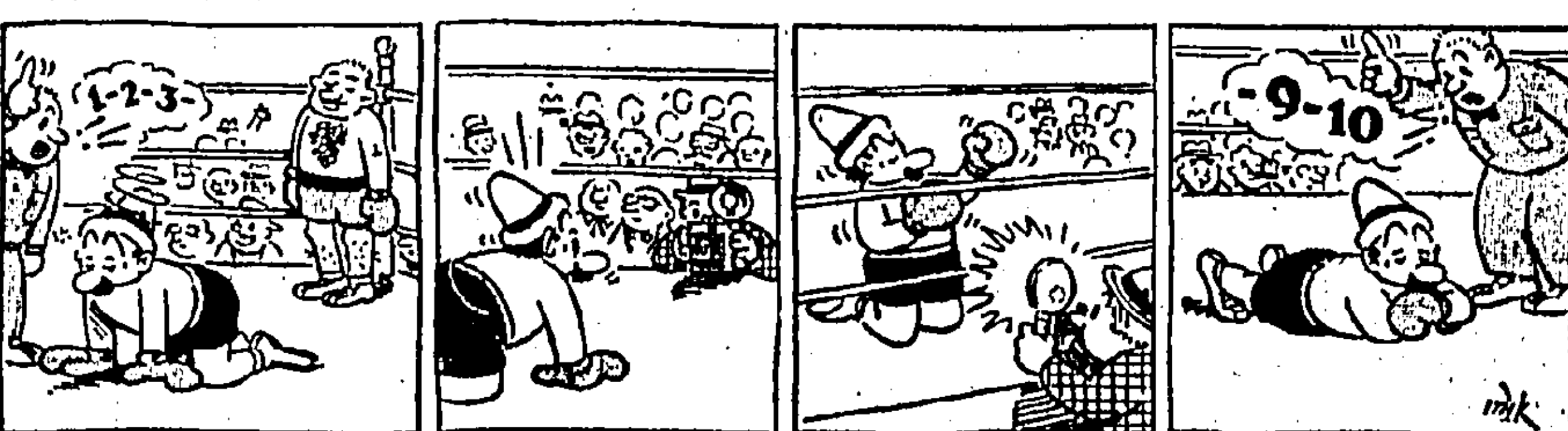


Adjudicators In Session.

FOUR D. JONES . . .



FERD'NAND



BRICK BRADFORD



Enthusiastic Welcome at Kuala Lumpur Airport.

of primitive brutality; some were of surpassing beauty. Some should not have been entered; some should be entered in an International Festival.

The days ceased to exist. Day and night, darkness and light were fused into one long period of endurance. And sandwiches between were breaks for coffee snacks, a glance at the headlines of the paper. But all the time there was the cinema until its fantastic ghosts were the only real world we knew.

Bed was a blessed relief. Yet always before I slept I followed my customary habit of reading. At such times, I choose to read old favourites, Chesterton's Essays; Frank Harris on Shakespeare; Hans Baluda and his novels of the depression in Germany; Spencer's 'Fruity Queen'; all this purged my mind and left my faculties remarkably clear so that I found that at the end of the long session, I was able to recall vividly, and can at this moment, the details of the films that suggested themselves for merit or demerit.

On questions of security, I was supported by my colleague, Hilton Cheong-ien of Hongkong. On these points we were adamant, in fact, so far did I carry my point that it led to the only acrimonious exchange, among the Jury.

I hold it to be true that none should know how any single jurymen votes. I hold that to be essential to the democratic privileges of an appointed jury. It is pedantic perhaps, the more so when one remembers that all that was at stake was finding the best film in the Festival.

At any rate, security was established beyond suspicion. At no time did any Juror know how his fellow voted, and even now, beyond the announcement of awards, I have no knowledge whatsoever of how my fellows voted. I believe we found a

true decision; on questions of security, I have no qualms. Directly we saw a film, we awarded marks in duplicate. One copy was surrendered and sealed in an envelope. The envelopes were collected and locked in a safe. Our personal copy was placed in an envelope which we retained. This we could scan from time to time so that we could revalue the merits of any particular film against another.

When at last we emerged from our ordeal by viewing the safe was opened and our cards were returned to us. We made such alterations as were necessary upon completion of our task, and we met at a table and surrendered our official cards entered in ink. Our cards now bore no name but a number, and a sub-committee of three now tallied the marks, using a calculating machine.

* * *

Our final assessment coincided with the second day of the Festival proper. Obviously we were surrounded by curious people as we were entertained, by the generous people of Kuala Lumpur. To hold a secret the whole of film Asia wishes to share is a temptation in itself. The Europeans and Americans made for me, and I was able to introduce them to the delegates from the various countries.

I was asked on several occasions how things were going. I replied that we were forbidden to discuss the films of the Festival until the official announcement was made.

In the main, people respected this and stopped questioning. Only once was I rebuffed. "My we do take ourselves seriously," To which I replied that while I did not take myself seriously, I certainly took the task to which I had been elected very seriously indeed.

Yet upon returning, I find that the South China Morning

Post printed a forecast of the results with commendable accuracy.

None but a Juror could have seen all the films. A forecast with the merits of all the entries unknown is a dangerous thing; an outsider can always romp home.

How did this happen? I can think that someone with an exaggerated sense of importance talked too much. Not directly, but a hint. There is no denying that once the Festival proper began, all eyes were on the Jury.

Fortunately, hints cannot influence the findings of the Jury. And by the very precautions taken security was obtained, and the awards were fair.

Not by a fraction of a detail did I find myself at variance with the findings; in fact I feel flattered to find myself so much in agreement.

I have neither the right nor the inclination to divulge what went on in the committee. I know it was impossible for anyone to obtain a peep at the cards. I know that the final results were not entered until noon, Tuesday, May 5. I know the final calculations were made over the Wednesday. Just before luncheon on Thursday, the Jurors were summoned, and the detailed results were announced. The next twenty-four hours were of close security. Mid-day the news was released to the Press.

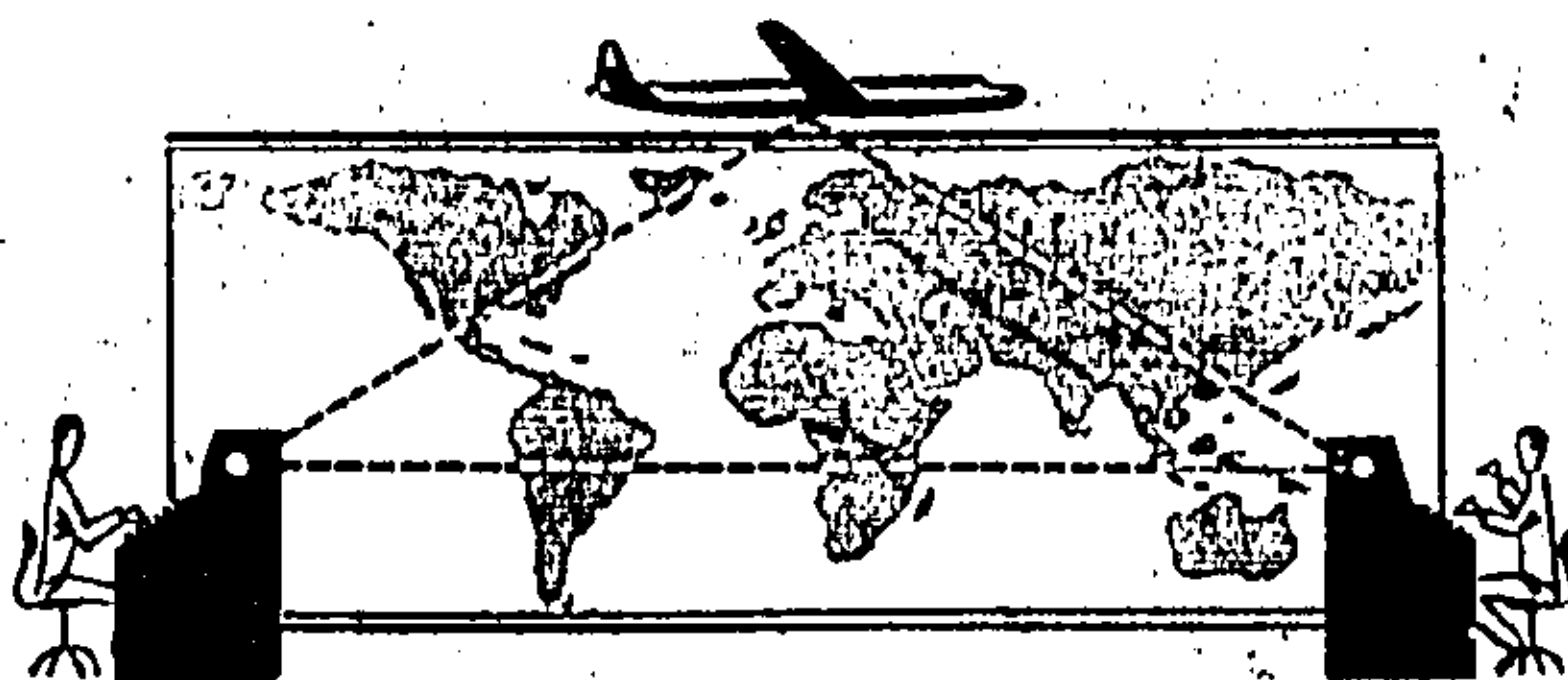
But over and above this, the position is as follows: By Sunday, I was certain of nothing, but if I could have placed a bet, I would have split it on the two films that achieved the major awards. So, I think, would any other Juror. But we were under an obligation to regard security. Any violation either by hint or gesture was a betrayal of that trust.

MONDAY: The Jury's Verdict

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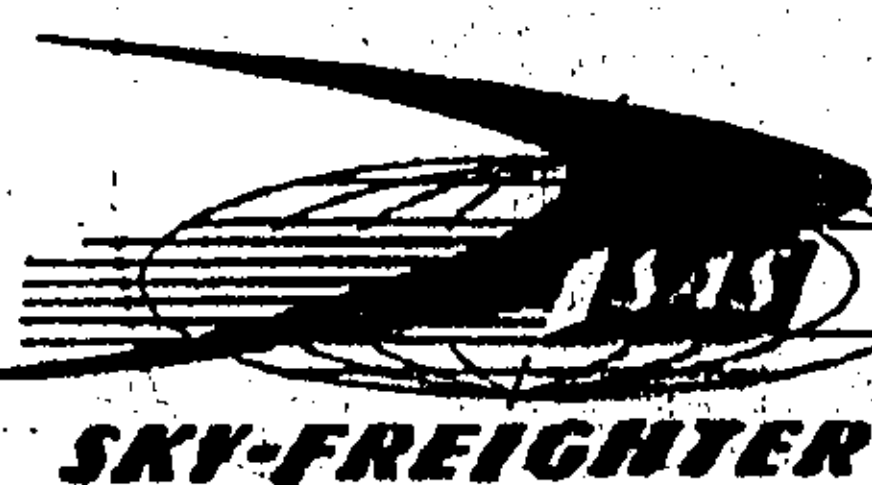
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

White without the Worry!

LONDON PRICES

Fashion Page



Swirling, shape-keeping pleats in sleeveless Tunic short dress. LONDON TOWN, £9 10s. 6d.

DRAWINGS BY

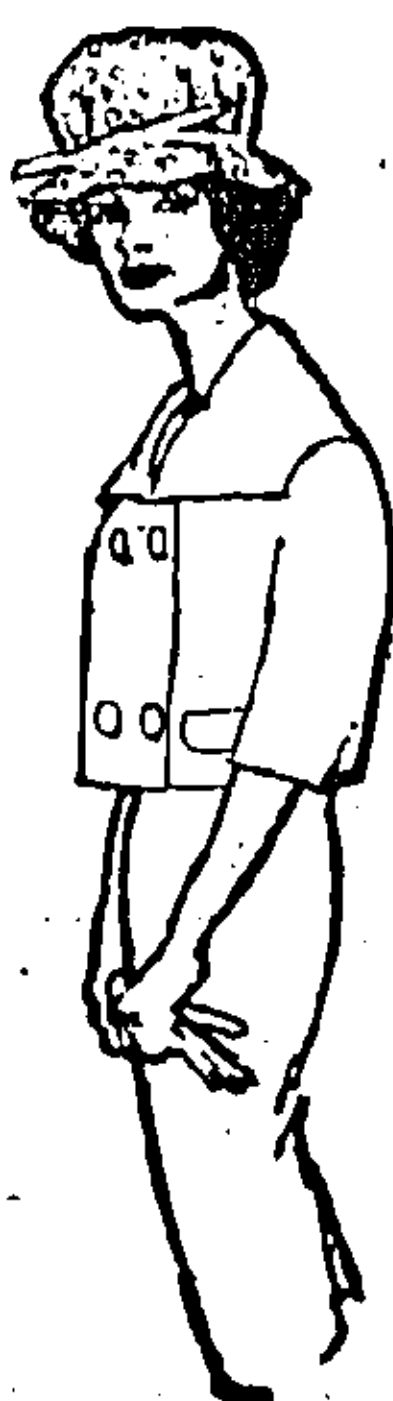
Riff

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

London Express-Photo.



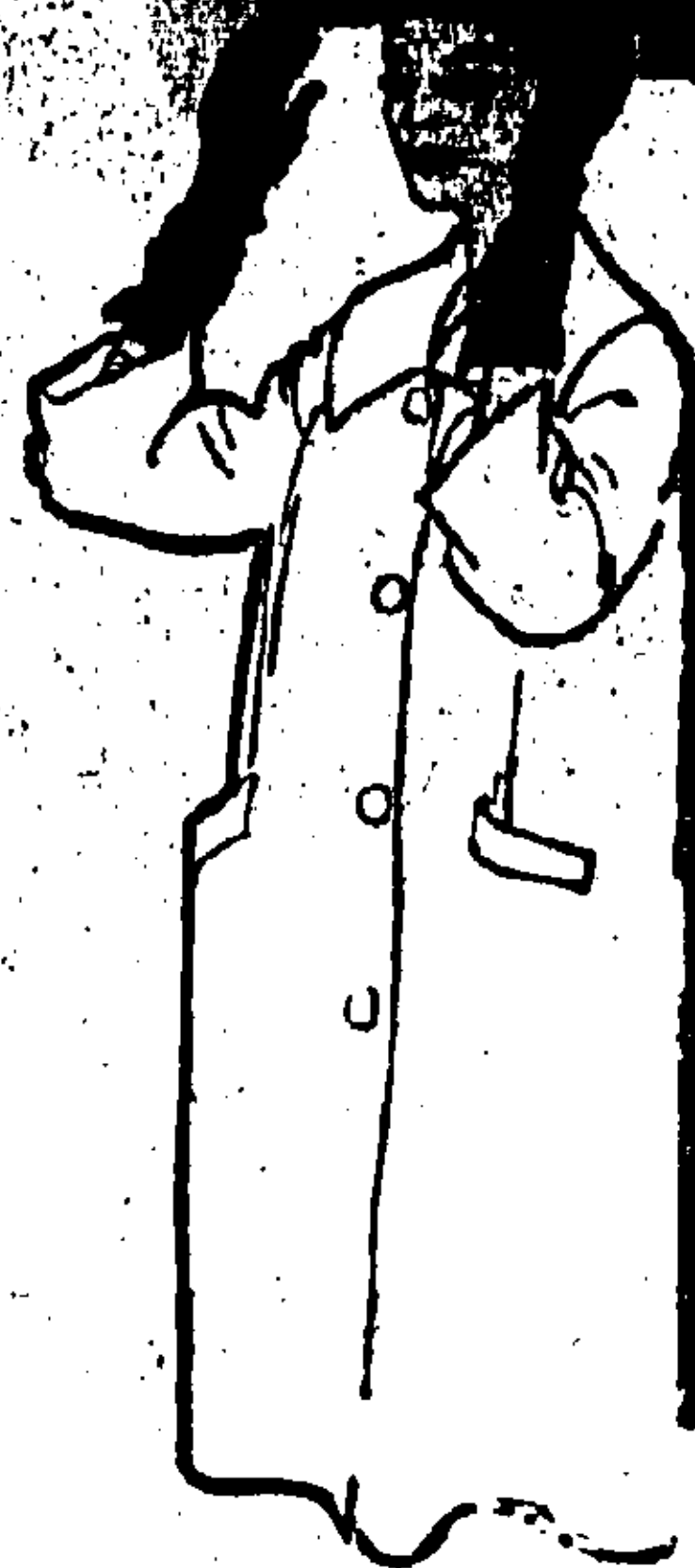
Romantic for evenings—double nylon. Portrait blouse with flowing lace collar and cuffs. . . . SYLVIA ROSSSELL, £5 5s. and more. Bell short with high curved waistband. . . . MANDELL, £6 0s.



Terrylene-and-worsted suit—replica of a Dior at a fractional price. . . . HERSHELLE, £11 0s. 6d.



New for tennis: Left, sleeveless Gipsy dress in bark-wave cotton, £6 13s. 6d.; Right, Terryline and cotton mixture top, 52s. 6d.; shorts, 55s. BOTH BY TEDDY TUNING. Reversible travelling to bed headband, 27s. 6d. PARIS HOUSE.



Pebble coat that belies the price—with standard collar, large mother-of-pearl buttons. . . . ALEXON, £7 17s. 6d.

Man-made magic puts today's top colour on its best behaviour

FASHION PAGE tells today the new White story....

It's a story that could never have happened before....

BECAUSE this year white happens to have become a hit colour just when it makes sense for the girl who couldn't stand up to the "wear once and dry clean" cost....

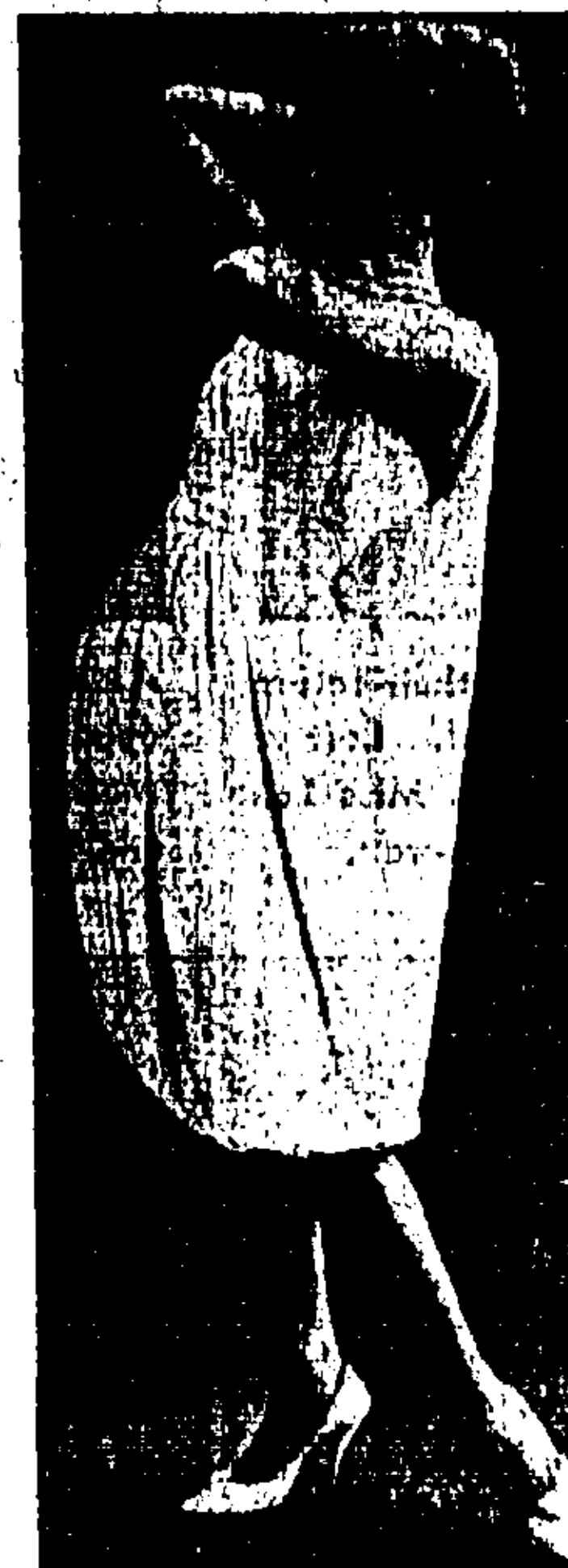
BECAUSE this is the year when man-made magic has come of age... and THAT means the new whites are almost all in

washable fabrics to drip-dry the new White creaselessly dry.

Paris showed masses of white... now Fashion Page takes its pick... at strictly non-Paris prices.

Crispy, icy, frilly whites with just a hint of Victorian extravagance.

White is EVERY woman's best colour... flatterer whether your hair is blonde or brown or copper; whether your skin is pink and white or honey tan.



Tricot evening dress, classical as a Greek column, but much more up to date. . . . KITTY COPELAND, £8 5s.



Wonderful for weddings—a frothy white evening hat that is a Paris copy. . . . DOLORES, £4 10s. 6d.



Alluring fichu in nylon organza—the season's top accessory. . . . DUNKERLEY & EDWARDS, 21s. 11d.



High-stepping, all-day fashion—hid and dal with shimestone stamp. . . . C. & J. CLARK, £5 5s. 6d.; Swiss lace pump. . . . BALLY, £15 15s. 6d.; Court in white with red as trim. . . . DOLLY, £4 10s. 6d.; Fuchsia fuchsia in glove. . . . KATIE, 10s. 6d.

EASY MEALS

HERE is a trio of recipes that are easy to do, good for regular or special meals and stay on the thrifty side of the budget.

DILL PICKLE FRAPPE

To prepare 6 servings, soften 1 tsp. unflavoured gelatin in ¼ c. cold water.

Combine 2 c. vegetable juice cocktail, 1 c. dill pickle liquid and ¼ tsp. celery salt. Mix well and heat to boiling-point. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

To give an extra piquant flavour to black bean soup, just combine 10½-oz. can condensed black bean soup and ¼ c. chopped dill pickles, then prepare soup according to directions on the can.

PIE FILLING

Combine 4 beaten eggs, 1 cup all-purpose flour, ½ tsp. salt, dash of cayenne, 1 cup, roasted butter or margarine and 1 c. light cream, beating thoroughly. Pour over pickles and cheese in pie shell.

Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 40-50 minutes or until knife inserted in centre comes out clean.

Garnish artistically with radish and sweet gherkin slices. — ALICE DENHOFF

STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Clucky And The Brook

—He Made The Brook Run Even In Winter—

By MAX TRELL

It was a bright, sunny morning except that it was the middle of the winter and the air was sharp and cold.

Chirpie Sparrow came to the window sill, looking for his morning bread crumbs. He had started to cut them when suddenly, he looked up and saw his friends Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned About Name, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, watching him from the other side of the window.

Chirpie waved his wing at them. Knarf opened the window to say good morning.

Lovely Morning

"And a lovely morning it is," said Chirpie, "even though there is a bit of a nip in the air."

"I don't mind it," said Teddy. "Course you don't," said Chirpie to the Stuffed Bear. "You've got a fine fur coat."

"And you've got fine warm feathers," said Teddy. "I'm the one who's cold," said Knarf. "I'm glad I found this woollen muffler around my neck."

"Talking about cold," said Chirpie, "as he took a breath after finishing a few more of the crumbs, 'I suppose you fellows have heard what happened to the Duck yesterday. He made the brook run.'"

"Give me a minute to eat the rest of these crumbs," said Chirpie, "and I'll tell you the whole story. It's well worth hearing."

True to his word, Chirpie quickly finished the rest of the crumbs and then started the story about how the Duck made the brook run.

"Now the brook has been frozen ever since the cold weather set in," Chirpie said. "And the Ducks, who like to go paddling around, were beginning to feel that something ought to be done about making the brook run again."

"Just leave it to me," said one of the Ducks — Clucky Duck — was his name — and he set off down the frozen path across the field to the brook.

With All Its Might

"The wind was blowing with all its might. Clucky had to push forward to make his way against it."

"Br-r-r," he kept saying to himself. "His beak was chattering. But finally he reached the bank of the brook."

"But was the brook kingling? Was it murmuring? Was it gurgling? Was it making any of the sounds that it made during the spring and the summer and autumn? Not at all. It was as silent as a cake of ice. In fact, it was covered over with ice."

"A fine state of affairs," Clucky Duck said to himself. "Now Clucky knew very well that if he waited until the ice melted, he would be able to hear the brook kingling and gurgling. In other words, he would be able to go paddling around and sticking his head into the mud at the bottom just as a bigger duck should."

"He decided to do something about it! And this is what he did."

"He jumped on the ice that covered the brook."

"When I want a brook to run, I make it run. I'm going to break that ice!"

Bad Mistake

"Up and down, up and down, Clucky jumped. It was a bad mistake. The ice cracked and Clucky fell in!"

"Did the brook start running? It did much more than that. It ran, and it splashed and it leaped and it rushed—and Clucky Duck did everything with it, running and splashing and leaping and rushing head over heels, all the way down to the place where it runs into the pond."

"Poor Clucky, he limped all the way back home to the other Ducks late that night. He made the brook run all right,



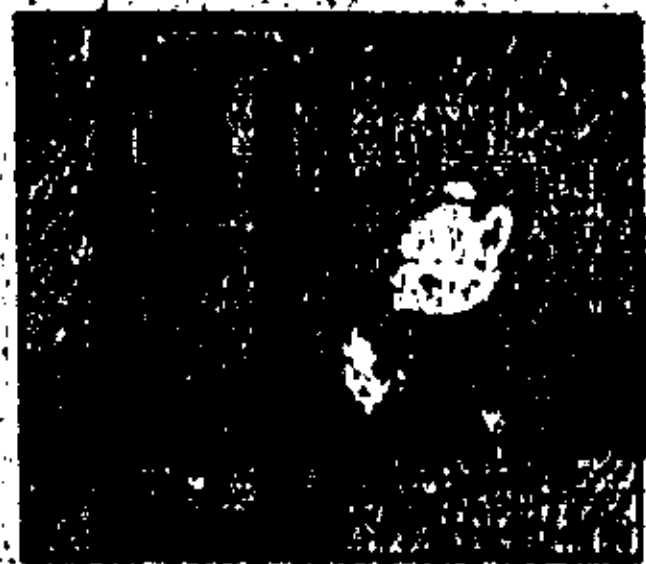
Clucky Duck jumped and broke the ice.

but it'll be a long time before he'll be able to run himself." And having finished the story, and finished his bread crumbs, Chirpie waved his wing again and flew off into the bright winter sunshine.

Rupert and the Truant—8



The most near the pillow-bed it not very well lighted, and as Rupert was looking in the dark, he thought he saw a white little shape near to it. Trying to make out its shape, he looks carefully, but when he is near enough, he sees clearly that it is only a white cloth hanging from the bed.



Then, as he is about to go to bed, he looks back at the window, for the lower part of the pillow-bed is standing open. What, ever, he has heard? He whispers. "Surely the postman can't have been so careless as to leave a letter there. If he had, it would be clearly there."

Indoor Games To Play

TISSUE RELAY—Divide the players into two groups.

The first ones from each line step up to a table at one end of the room on which are placed two drinking glasses and two tablespoons.

At the word "GO" they grab a tablespoon and run to the other end of the room where there are placed a number of pieces of tissue paper about 1½ inches square on two pillows.

The idea is to pick one piece of tissue paper from the pillow and carry it on the spoon to the table and put it into the glass. This is not as easy as it sounds because the paper will blow off the spoon if the players run too quickly.

The tissue must not be touched by anything but the spoon and if it falls off it must be picked up by the spoon.

Each player has three pieces of paper and when he has placed them in the glass he gives the spoon to the next player in line. The line finishing first wins the game.

SWEATER GAME—Divide the players into two teams. Place two button-down sweaters about twenty feet away from each team.

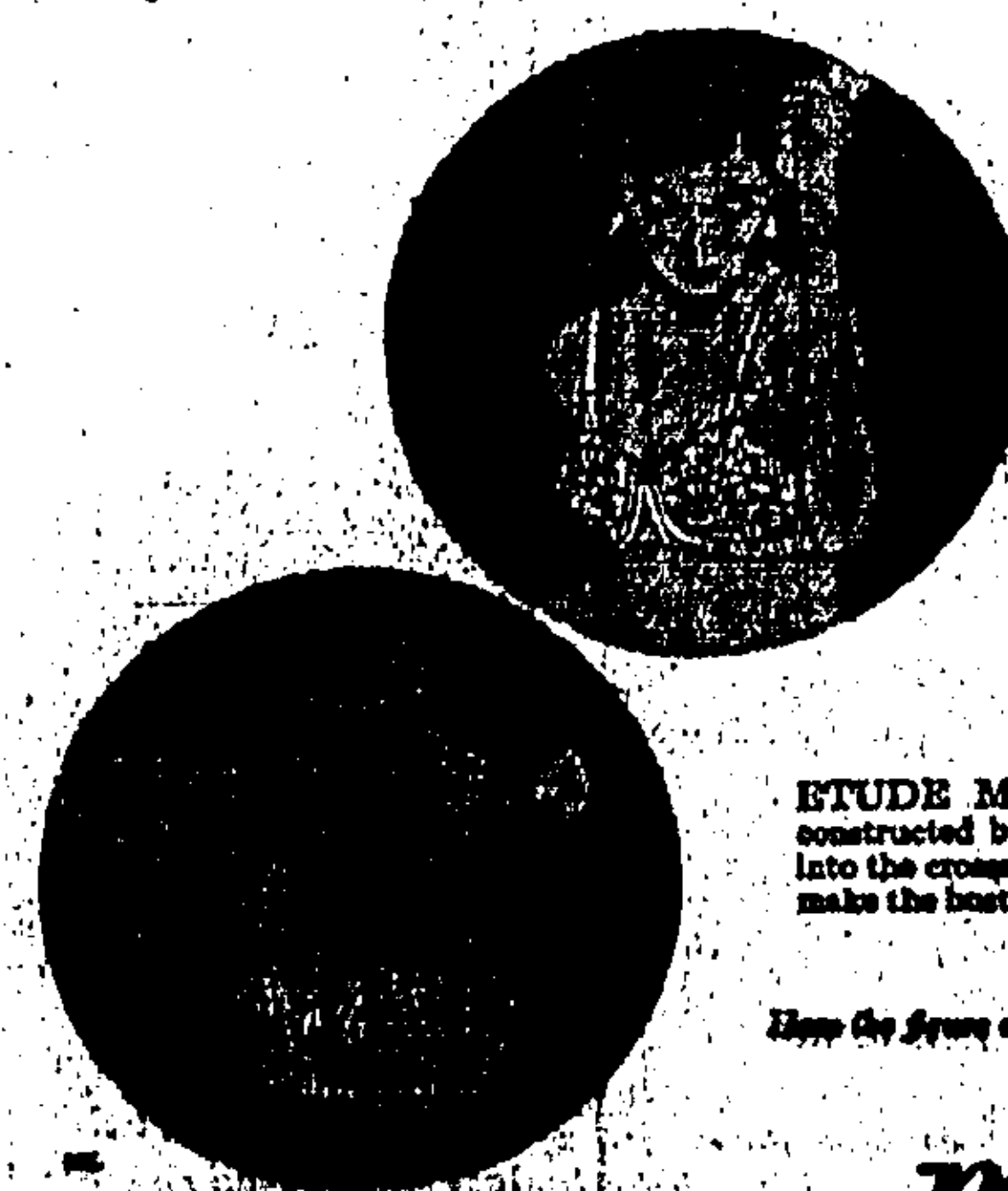
The sweaters should be buttoned and turned inside out.

At a signal the first player in each team must run to the sweater, unbutton it and turn it right side out. He must then put it on, button it up, and pull it off so that the wrong side is out.

When he is finished he runs back and touches the next person in line and he does the same. The line that finishes first wins the game.

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STUDE MINOR... Cleverly constructed bust pads are built right into the creased stitching of this bra to make the bustline look naturally full.

Keep the shape of your dress... and your Maidenform padded bra looking

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EVENTS IN PICTURES

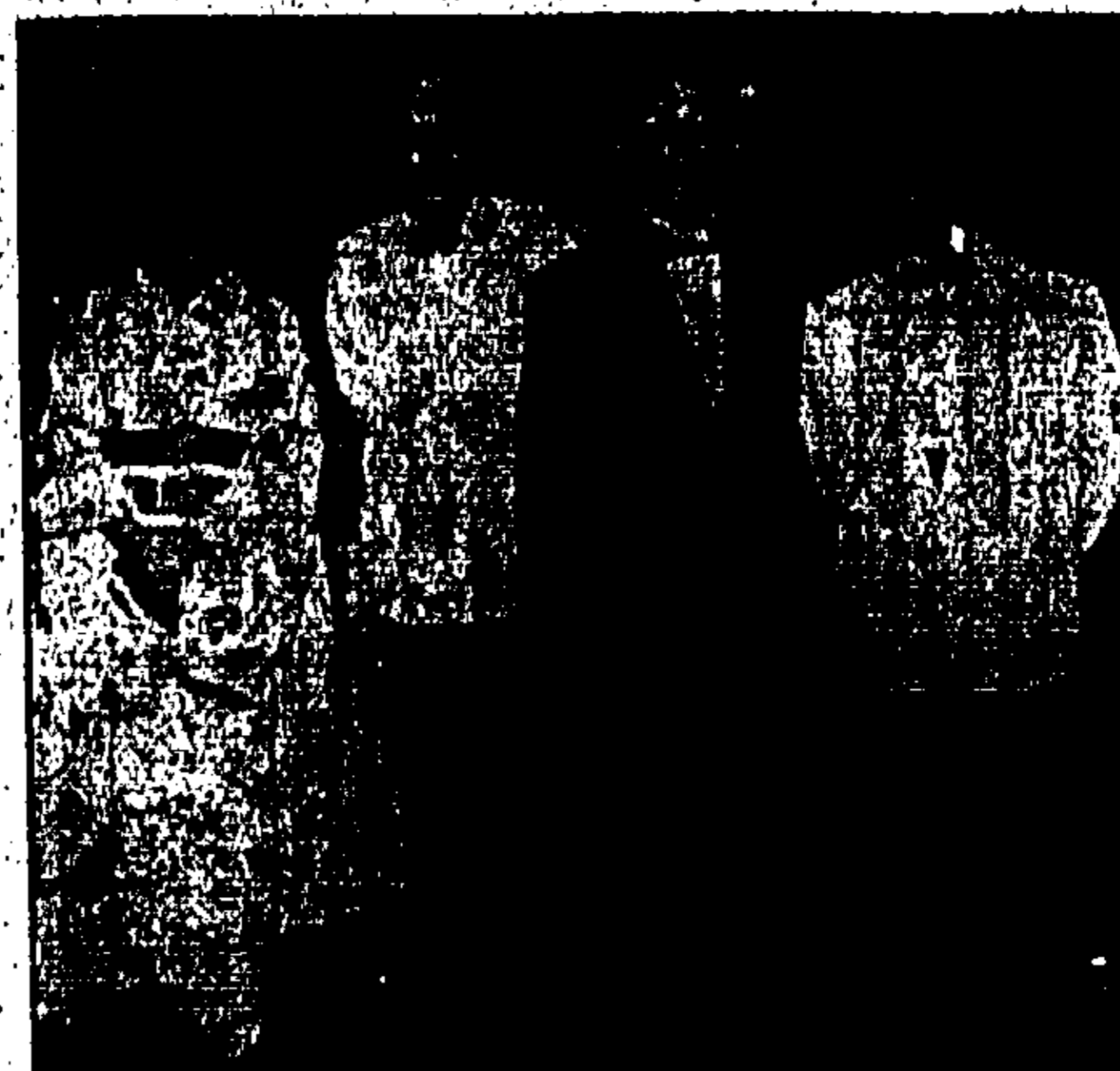
★ ★ ★



THE Shaw Films delegation pictured after their return from the Kuala Lumpur Asian Film Festival. Left to right: Miss Lam Fung, Mr Li Hon-hsiang, Miss Loh Tih, Mr Yoo-ing Shaw and Miss Chang Chun-wan.



A dinner was given in honour of chiefs of Government departments by the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals last Monday. Pictured are Mr Ernest C. Wong, Mr A. Inglis and Mrs Wong.



A reception for local motion picture executives was given by Mr Shiro Kido, President of the Schochiku Film Co. of Tokyo last Monday. Left to right: Miss Kimiko Fukuda, actress, Mr Kido, Mr Masahiro Ido, and Mr S. Tanaka.



FIVE Chinese orphans left for the United States this week to start new lives with American families. Accompanying them on the flight was Mrs Kwong-goo Tsung, extreme right.



AMONG the distinguished guests who visited the aircraft carrier USS Ranger during the week were the Governor, Sir Robert Black, Miss Barbara Black, Lt.-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan and Mrs Bastyan.



MR and Mrs D. G. Langdon with their baby girl, Fern Langdon, pictured after her christening at St John's Cathedral this week.



THE R.I.L. freighter Tjibantjet underwent a successful trial this week after being refloated and repaired. On board during the trial were (left to right): Mr A. Storror, Chief Manager, H.K. & Whampoa Dock Co., Mr R. D. Khooles, Mr J. C. Zwan, and Mr R. Van Osselen, Managing Directors of R.I.L.



RIGHT: Charles Endacott, centre, with some of the friends who attended his Confirmation party held at 19 Colne Road, recently.

LEFT: Miss Yu Ming who won the Best Actress award at the Sixth Asian Film Festival held at Kuala Lumpur recently.

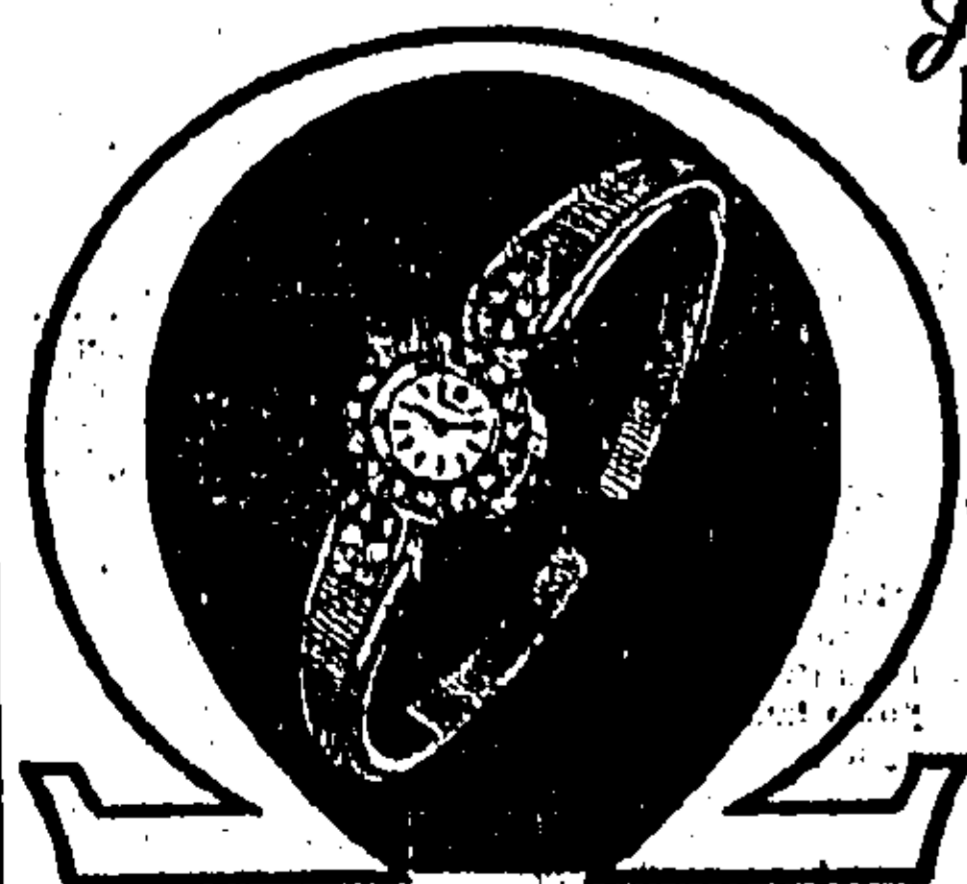


RIGHT: The Governor, Sir Robert Black, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan at the annual cocktail party of the Army Medical Services held last Saturday.



OMEGA

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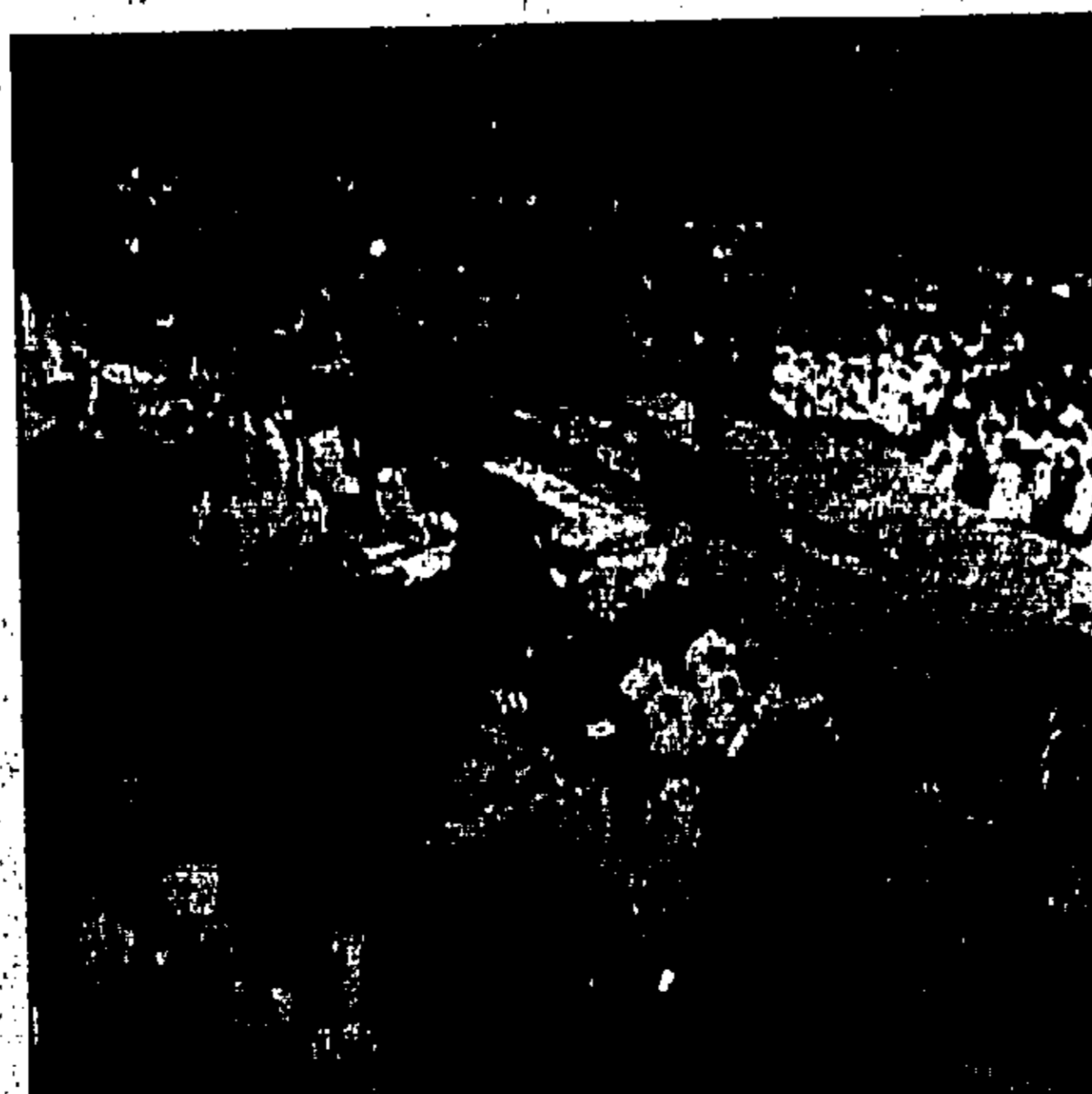
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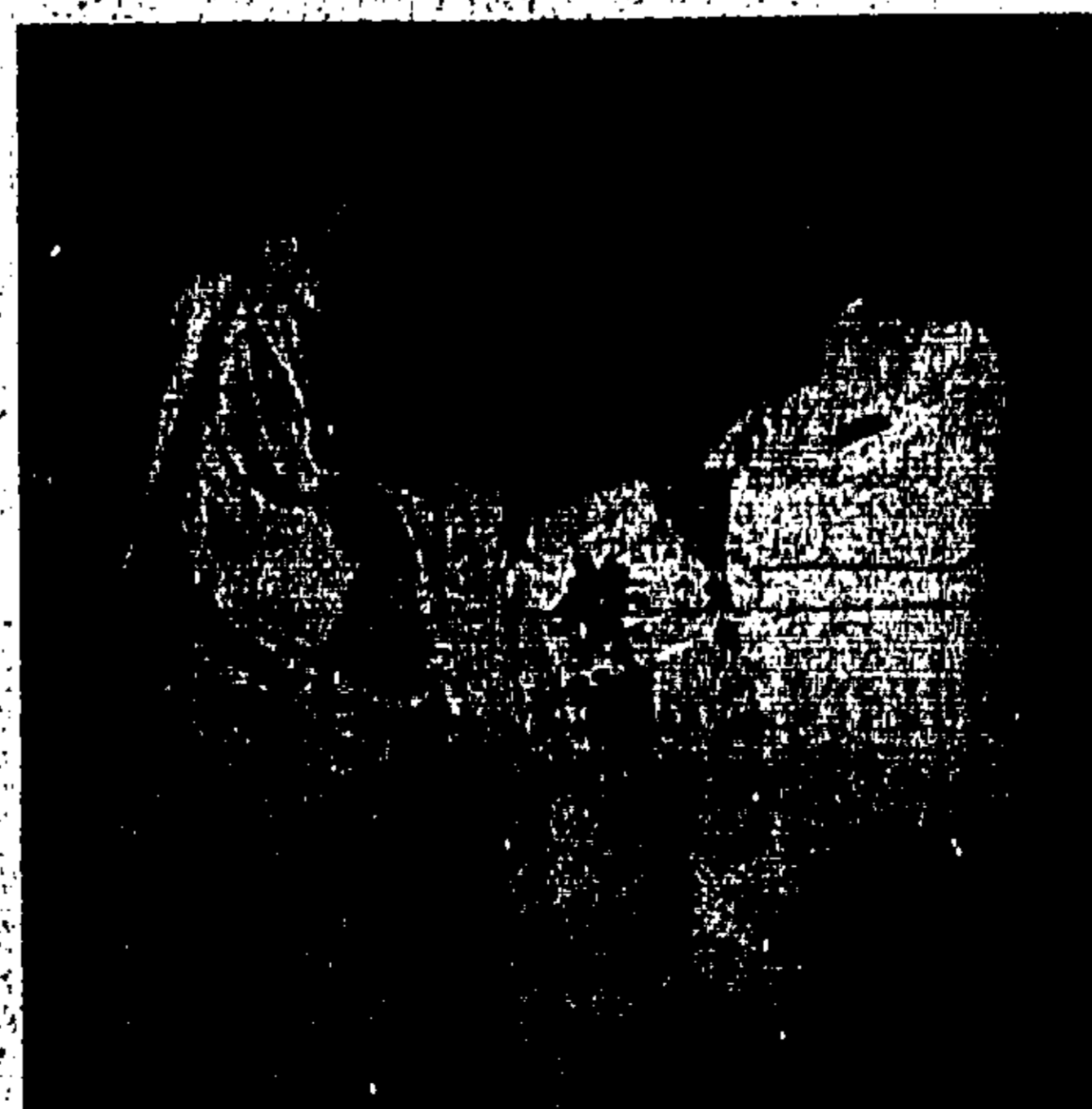
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HUNDREDS of Roman Catholics attended Mass and Holy Communion at the Fatima Shrine, Rosary Hill, last Wednesday to celebrate the feast of Our Lady of Fatima.



DR A. M. Rodriguez presenting a banner to Miss Yam Kim-fai at the Cantonese opera held at Lee Theatre on Thursday to raise funds for the new St Paul's Convent School.

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GILMANS

SHOWROOM: GLOUCESTER ARCADE



ABOVE: A Philippine folk dance performed by members of a troupe which accompanied the P.I. Presidential Yacht Lapu Lapu here, at a show given at State Theatre last Monday.



MR H. W. E. Heath, Commissioner of Police, accompanied by Sub-Inspector F. A. Walsh, inspecting a passing-out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, last Saturday.



ABOVE: A delegation of Chinese clergy on their arrival from Singapore to attend a conference on Chinese clergy in South-east Asia.



MR and Mrs Robert Leslie Bauld pictured after their wedding last Saturday at St Andrew's Church. The bride is the former Miss Annie Renato Kerr.



MR M. W. Turner receiving a cheque for \$10,000 from Mr Wilfred Wong from the Rotary Club of Hongkong last Saturday for maintenance of a bed for ten years at the Crippled Children's Home, Sandy Bay.



MRS C. N. Li presenting a prize to little Au Sai at the Tai Hang West Kaitong Welfare Association baby contest held last Saturday.



MR Henry Charles Wells and the former Miss Barbara Ann Schabroni, of Cleveland, Ohio, after their wedding at St Joseph's Church last Saturday.



THE Governor, Sir Robert Black, accompanied by Rev. F. Evison, arriving at the Chinese Methodist Church last Sunday for the Commonwealth Youth Service.



MEN of the 1st Battalion, T. Green Howards, boarding the troopship Empire Fowey last Saturday for U.K. after completing a three-year tour of duty here.

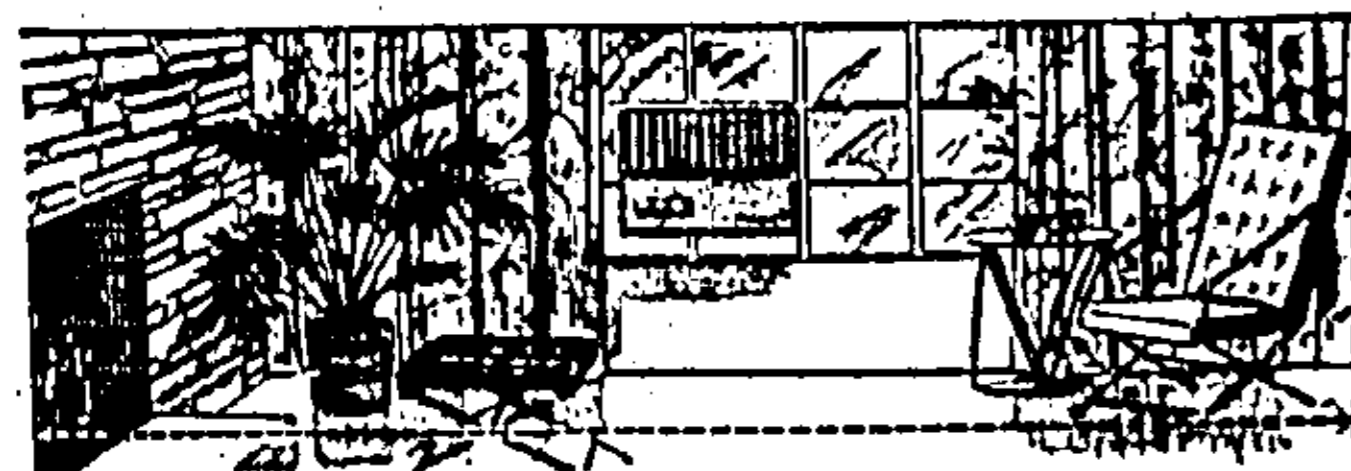


DR D. J. M. Mackenzie laying a wreath at the Cenotaph on Friday last in commemoration of the centenary of the British Red Cross Society.



A Shamshupo Kaitong Welfare Association official distributing noodles donated by the Catholic Relief Services for needy families.

NEW! 1959
ADVANCE MODEL



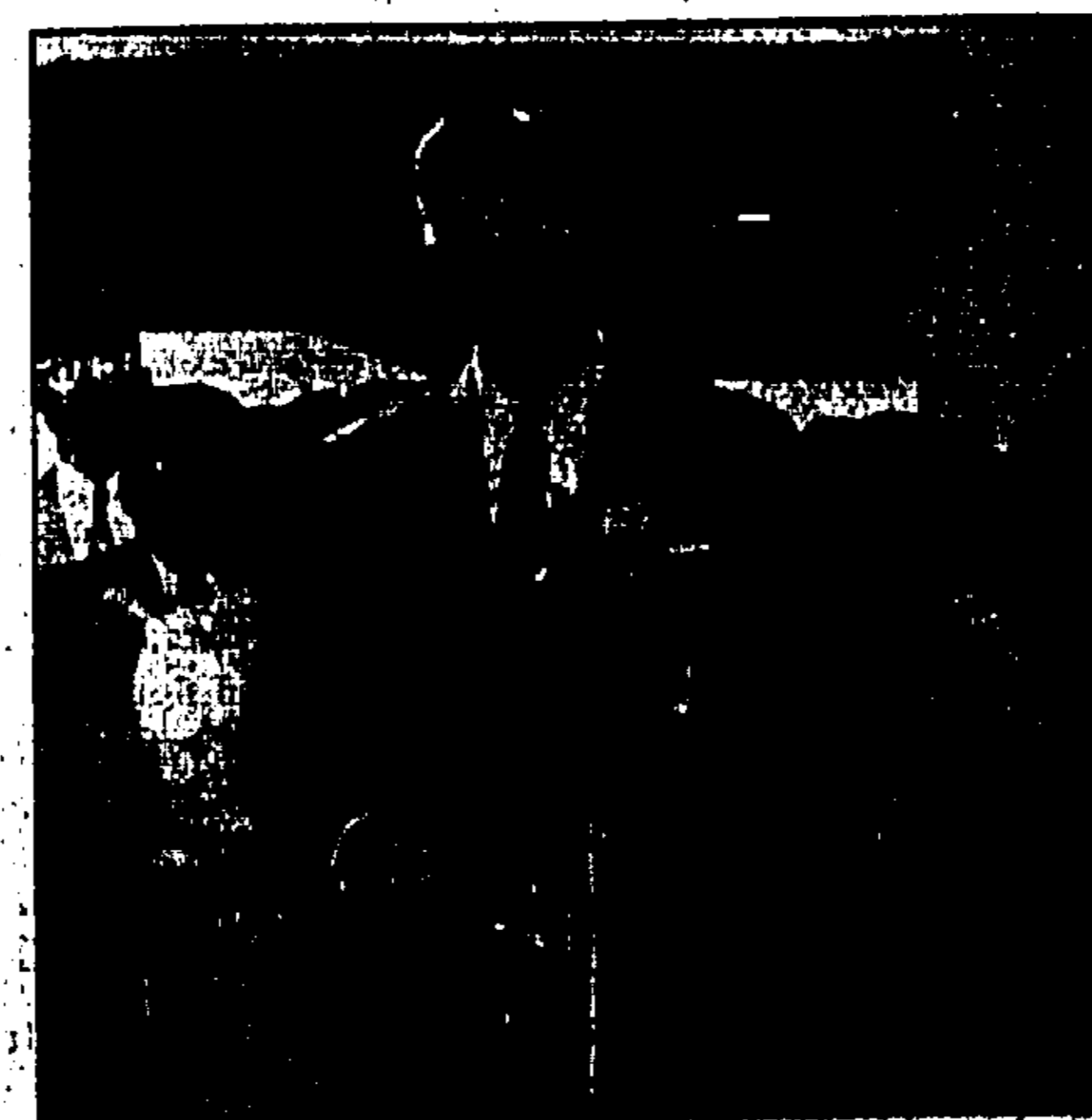
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MR H. A. Angus, Director of Commerce and Industry, speaking at the inaugural ceremony of the Philippine Floating Exposition on board the RPS Lapu Lapu which arrived last Sunday.



SIR Arthur Fadden, former Federal Treasurer of Australia, and Lady Fadden who arrived in the Colony recently on a brief visit.

TONIGHT
2 Big Floorshows

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

FIRST FLOOR, MANSON HOUSE

Presents

Paul Lombard
Lyric Tenor & Baritone
Singing Star
from Miami Beach &
The Caribbean

Margaret & Maurice with their
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Dee Wells

REPORTS ON THE WAY WOMEN TREAT THE JEWELS THEY HAVE
—AND HOW THEY WOULD TREAT THOSE THEY LONG FORCould YOU resist the lure
in a load
of diamonds?... ALL YOURS
FOR £12,000Ice...rocks...call
it what you like,
it's the real stuff.
Worn with
grace and taste
—and a touch
of the dramatic.

WOMEN are—whatever else they are—funny. Offer them mink. Some wouldn't take it as a gift. Wouldn't be caught dead in a mink-lined coffin. Some would give up 7,300 lunches for 20 years to buy it. Some, secretly, would love it—but forceps couldn't drag the truth out. And some can take it or leave it.

Offer women anything. Yachts, castles, cars, silver, furniture, art—even clothes.

Some women would dislocate their shoulders grabbing as much as they could get.

Some wouldn't bat an eye if they never had any.

Some would glance up from their novel, murmur "Why, thank you, darling," and go straight back to page 29.

But offer jewellery—and 99 women out of 100 will lick their lips and eagerly stretch out their hands and burl "Oh, yes, please."

It takes women differently. But it takes all women.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD FEMALE loves a boxful of junk jewellery. For hours she'll drape the pearls, put rings on every finger, and painstakingly pin on as many gaudy baubles as there's room for.

Like moths

TEENAGE GIRLS, and even their elders, flock thick as moths around costume-jewellery counters. They "try" the necklaces, the pins.

They mull over earrings. They seriously consider bracelets from every angle, their wrists can turn.

DOWAGERS STEP FROM DAMELERS and do the same—but not at a crowded counter. For them a brocade armchair in the privacy of a panelled room, with velvet-lined leather cases on a handsome table.

Whether it's a diamond stamper, a string of pearls, a tarnished gilt pin, or just a

bright bit of glass set in brass, I would take a bet that there isn't a woman in the country who doesn't own at least one piece of jewellery.

But for all this interest in jewellery I would take another bet that not one woman in 5,000 knows how to wear it.

Watch one getting dressed for a party. Hair lacquered, face done, on goes the pressed dress. She's ready? In a pig's eye she's ready. She has only begun.

She reaches for her jewellery box, and the trimmings.

Dangly

The dangly earrings, the rows of pearls that she will wear twined in with crystal or gold beads. Then the bracelets. The brooch to point up the bosom. The big "diamond" ring on one hand, a knuckle-duster "cocktail" ring on the other. Then, lit up like a battery of lights, she's ready.

Tell her she looks like the raggle-taggle gipsies oh? Tell her, then. She won't believe you. She's put it all on. She's ready. She's dressed.

THEN TAKE LITTLE MISS TIMID. She's over there crouching under that loose board at the far end of the room. She's shy. She's self-effacing. Earrings? When she was 10 she was told that a single strand of cultured pearls is what nice girls wear. Or a heart-shaped locket on a silver chain.

She's been wearing these choice, nursery items ever since.

Safe, uncontroversial and packing as much decorative wallop as papier poudre.

Snatched...

Sandwiched between the Don't Knows and the Don't Dares is the funny thing of Don't Cares. You wouldn't think they'd own jewellery. But they do.

They own it. And they wear it. Any old way.

Charm-bracelets with ball dresses. Chandeliers with ball dresses. Thinestones with tweed. Ceramic deer or poodles on chiffon dresses.

Whatever jewellery they have, they wear it as if they keep it all laid out on the front of their table and just take a blind, running snatch as it as they charge by.

Way out in a lonesome wilderness, a little colony unto themselves, are the women who do right by jewellery.

Some of them have real jewellery. Lucky them. Some haven't anything rarer than a 9 carat gold pin studded with chunks of semi-precious stones.

Most of them haven't got that. But they know how to put it on. And when and what to leave off.

They know that one striking piece worn alone is worth 10 riggily bits and beads. They know that one heavy gold bangle—real or fake—is better than a busy armful. That daytime earrings must never dangle, and never have stones—real or fake. They know that only when the sun is well down is the glitter to be trotted out. They know, in short, that jewellery is dynamic. To be carefully handled, and used sparingly.

—(London Express Service.)

Ever Been Embarrassed
By Cluttered Handbag?

COPT A CO-ED'S carryall! Make one with pockets to file things. Cover your own buttons for handle trimming.

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 16

BORN today, you have most of the qualifications of a stern disciplinarian. There is a right and a wrong way to do something. Obviously, your way is the right one, and you can be quite stern with anyone who fails to follow your directions to the letter. You have a vaunting ambition to reach your own home. You will be through a lack of your trying! Sometimes the main aim means to an end can be something, bringing unfortunate results. You will be wise to temper your demands with more diplomacy.

The stars have given you talent, energy and plenty of "get-up-and-go." You have a good head for business and probably will become quite wealthy during your lifetime. Your self-reliance will get you places, but you may not be universally liked because of your methods. Guard against false pride and a tendency to become overbearing.

You enjoy going out in society, and when you are in the mood, you can be the life of the party. You will leave the library for the drawing room any time there is an interesting company. You seem to be a natural leader, and although you do have business talent, you would prefer to use it in making your own home. You will make a fine partner for an ambitious man, for you will understand his drives and want to help.

Among those born on this date are: Philip Danforth Armour, industrialist; Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, author and educator; Levi P. Morton, banker and diplomat; William H. Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln; Douglas M. Freeman, historian; Joseph P. Kennedy, legislator and newspaper owner.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 17

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—After your usual morning devotion, spend the balance of the day in recreation suitable for a Sunday. GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Plan a short trip for the day to visit close friends or relatives you have not seen for some time. CANCER (June 22-July 21)—A church affair this evening may need your co-operation. Give of your presence as well as financial assistance. LEO (July 22-Aug. 21)—Get outdoors today if the weather is pleasant. It will give your spirits as well as your health a lift. VIRGO (Aug. 22-Sept. 21)—You may have some things to do this weekend. Catch up on what you have been neglecting. LIBRA (Sept. 22-Oct. 21)—Relax tensions today. Make no attempt to get into an business. Let that wait until tomorrow.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22-Nov. 21)—Take the lead in some important matter. Perhaps your church or community needs your help. SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—This could be a good day for a family picnic if the weather is fine. Headful recreation, too! CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 21)—Visit someone you may not have seen for some time. It will be good to renew the acquaintance. AQUARIUS (Jan. 22-Feb. 21)—This is your day for letting down tensions and relaxing. Don't do anything you don't have to. PISCES (Feb. 22-Mar. 21)—This is a day for you. Spend time with members of your family and close friends. ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 21)—Pay a visit to one friend to whom you owe a visit this afternoon and day for supper.

SUNDAY, MAY 17

BORN today, you have an original and inventive mind. You are never satisfied with things as they are but seek to improve them. You are independent of the opinions of others. With a keen sense of duty to yourself, you will set up standards, you will follow them assiduously. Your investigative mind will be interested in science, and with the proper training, you might easily make a name for yourself in the field of experimentation, contributing something important to the knowledge of mankind.

There is another side to your character which calls for artistic expression. You are fond of the beauties of nature and will be happiest if you can spend part of your time in the country. You have a romantic streak which even you do not quite understand, and at times you are moody and depressed. You must learn to curb

these side of your nature or it can deter you from true success in life. When depressed, you are not able to do your best work. Perhaps one solution is to lead a fairly early and regular life. You are a person who needs some quietude, as much as you do. Then, when you are discouraged, you can go to the one you love for encouragement and inspiration. Select someone who has a challenging intellect. Then, as a team, you will climb the success ladder with ease.

Among those born on this date are: Dr. Edward Jenner, discoverer of vaccines; Henri Deterree, author; Dr. Sebastian Kneipp, developer of hydrotherapy; King Alfonso XIII of Spain.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 18

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be sure to make exactly the right decision today for an error could be very costly. GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may be tempted to experiment, but it is wiser to start caution and avoid mistakes at this time. VIRGO (Aug. 22-Sept. 21)—Think before you speak today or you may get into an awkward situation. LEO (July 22-Aug. 21)—Make up your mind about what you have been searching too far ahead for something new and different. CANCER (June 22-July 21)—Partnership business affairs involving money probably need your close attention now, as they could make this a highly successful beginning to the new work week.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22-Nov. 21)—If a real problem means anything, seek good advice in the matter and then follow it. AQUARIUS (Jan. 22-Feb. 21)—Be wise and you will prosper; be hasty or careless and you can slip a lot. CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 21)—A business partnership dispute needs careful attention at this time. Be cautious in dealing with anyone in matters of law, finance or investment. PISCES (Feb. 22-Mar. 21)—Consider all sides of a problem before you decide to do anything. Try to remember, differences are not just right for it.

From Out On A Limb
I'm Telling You...

I PREDICT all the cardigan suits so loosely dubbed "Chanel-type" will zoom to such heights of stratospheric popularity that only spacemen will be able to see the top.

And that the newest, nicest way to wear them will be without those maddening, cluttering, tawdry beads.

I PREDICT the death knell for chair and all kindred fuff. It will take some shovelling to bury it completely, but it will go thataway—the same way the Empire dress went.

I PREDICT a modest boom for the slim, long-coat suit, like-wise for its seven-eighths and three-quarter-length jacket cousin. But not for the hippo hip look of the tailleur length. Too dumpy, that exposed square of skirt.

I PREDICT downfall for any new efforts to revive coloured stockings. Who can afford them? Or has the legs that can afford such brutal delineation? Incoming: lightest, no-colour with golden overtones.

Why? Because they're kind, to women whose under-pinnings would be better under a piano.

I PREDICT a sweeping return to neatness. Crisp, slick, hair will be smoother, longer. And a brief but certain lunacy to Victorian car swirls, and ballerina drama.

I PREDICT the shirtwaist dress will dig in so deep that nothing will dislodge it. If Paris drops shirtwaists, shirtwaists will not drop dead. Why? Because the push-up, long-legged variety with a whorl of full skirt from beneath a clipped belt appeals to Englishwomen. The smoother, they-sleaved, straight-skirted style has sold steadily (through New Look's catch, and whatever) for 30 years in America. These women—110,000,000 of them—can be.

Household Hints

To prevent fermentation or crystallisation at the top of jars of home-made jam add three teaspoonsful of glycerine to every pound of fruit when making the jam.

To remove mildew from material, apply a paste made of two parts each of equal quantities of white soap and starch and one part kitchen salt moistened with lemon juice. Dry in the sun, wash in cold or lukewarm water, rinse, then dry in the usual way.

Clean cork mats by rubbing gently with a dampened piece of pumice stone. This will remove the dirt and will not injure the cork if it is not rubbed too hard.

When washing black garments add two teaspoons of borax to the water.

action are, wrong about fashion. But they cannot be wrong about what they like.

I PREDICT shoes will stay pointed and that heels, no matter the peril, will get slimmer. Promoters of egg-toes, pagoda-toes, duck-bill-pointers, lace and sturdier heels will be left whistling.

I PREDICT that the coat fabric of the future will be cashmere, with rare, costlier vicuna, elbowing in on the act. The lining will be Siamese silk...the cut will be so casual you'd swear it was done with a rusty knife...the colours will be neutral and black...and the bill for it will look to husbands like the defence budget.

I PREDICT only a short run for the wide, wider, widest belt. I PREDICT a rush on smooth leather coats (ditto suits), handkerchiefs—weight sweaters and skirts. Hats too in both smooth and suede. But don't bother turning your eyes outside out for it will be sold in next autumn.

I PREDICT tearfully, that whatever the fabric, whatever the summer, whatever I say, the plot of - of - colour, flower - print dress will bloom again.

THE COST OF HIGH-LIVING

• This week's two most spine-shaking, guaranteed true, extravaganzas:—

1. The chic London hairdresser who specialises in trimming babies' and small children's hair. The cut black, one guinea. That's not enough. BUT for damping down the fine, flyaway baby hair, before nipping it, the cost is 6s. 6d.

2. With the new lease just signed on a glorious Mayfair flat a 24 young matron I know sallied forth to shop for drawing room curtains. Found just the right wonderful Italian damask. Absolutely the thing for the three 15ft. drawing room windows. Narrow, though. Must have two widths for each curtain. In all, 60 yards. At £20 a yard, her bill: £1,200. Not including, I may say, the making, the interlining, the lining, or even the rings.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

Shelltox, the wonder insecticide containing Dieldrin, gives your house invisible but absolute protection against all common disease-carrying pests. To obtain best results, follow carefully the directions on the tin.



YOU CAN BE SURE OF
SHELL INSECTICIDES



This pianist never really played a note—but I'm intoxicated

by GEORGE MILLAR

WORLD IN A JUG, by Roland Gant (Cape, 15s.)

NEXT time you go to a night club or watch a really good band, take a look at the pianist. In his loose, full-square seat before the keyboard, his absorbed eyes, you may detect his degree of dedication to a popular entertainment that is between an instinct, an art, and an obsession.

In the days of racoon coats, Stutz automobiles, and speakies Larry Allen was a medical student at the University of Illinois.

He took a trip to Chicago to hear Beale Smith sing "Downhearted Blues" at the Paradise on Thirty-fifth and Calumet...

Got the world in a jug,
The stopper's in my hand.

"Man, I was lost to medicine," he probably got lost earlier, in his New Orleans childhood, when he began to sing the blues and to make a piano mix the wild throbbings of Africa with the melody of Europe.

He played and sang professionally in the prohibition speakeasies of Chicago and Kansas City, and rose in the world of jazz till he knew Whitey, Armstrong, Crosby, Dixie, and the rest of the white-hot band. He was playing in the "King of Jazz" and Edward G. Robinson made "Little Caesar."

Intoxicated by jazz and by the "medium" he absorbed to keep him, whiskey, gin, and marijuana—then called "ten," "muggles," or "vipers"—he allowed his marriage with a Hollywood actress to dissolve.

On he roared, coming money and splashing it with the carelessness that the ordinary breadwinner finds either splendid or stupid, but never losing his friends, all fellow musicians.

He played Europe before the war, breathing the Gauloise-scented air of Paris so fervently that he returned to work there not long ago.

His private life, interesting, generous, sometimes pugnacious, always took second place so long as he played good piano and sang O.K.

We leave him recovered in London from near-fatal illness produced by hard living. He will play good piano till he drops.

All our memories lie in with tunes, and for that reason this book, factual and accurate, is nostalgic and appealing. It seems to be autobiography rather than fiction.

When I telephoned Roland Gant, who is English and works for a London publishing house, he insisted that his singer-pianist was an knaggy character.

WIDOW IN PURSUIT

EXILES IN PARADISE, by Hilary Selon (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

A CAR ferry arrives at Boulogne in the second half of the century. British cars roll into France. "Like schoolboys released from school."

In one Riley an attractive, lone widow, Cassandra Hamilton, tours south and into Italy to look for the Chadwicks, nephew and aunt. A delicate mission.

Young Chadwick, very wild, had an affair with the wife of a prospective Lord Mayor of London, and when he skipped away an earring and a diamond necklace were missed.

The deserted lady has lent Cassandra the Riley and urged her to clear the matter up with Chadwick before Scotland Yard uncovers the scandal.

Cassandra has the sense to enjoy her motoring abroad, and the sunlit, food-lit pleasure of it is conveyed with great skill. She finds the Chadwicks. The enormous aunt, puffing spleen, loathes her; the outrageous nephew determines to captivate her.

In the noble yet human settings of Florence, Rome, and the Alps the rake and the delightful Englishwoman cross rapids and fall in love.

This is a gay, clever, slight English novel, very pleasant and easy to read.

IMMORTAL SARAH

SARAH BERNHARDT, by Joanna Richardson (Max Reinhardt 21s.)

JUDITH VAN HARD, a Dutch Jewess, a Parisian bird of paradise, was 16 when, in 1844, she gave birth to a daughter whom she named Sarah. The father was Edouard Bernhardt, a lawyer of Le Havre.

From this unlikely beginning a sickly and unwanted child developed talents, looks, and personality that made her, through the theatre, a queen on earth.



Add to these qualities such denunciation that before her death in the 1920's she would have herself carried on stage and, brandishing her beauty, bring French audiences to tears.

In love with love, she had lovers by the score, among them princes. She knew men's sieges and their devices.

Pierre Loti had himself delivered to her in Paris rolled up in his gift, a fine Persian rug. Yet the only man who seems, according to Miss Richardson, to have held her affections was her profligate son Maurice, whose father had been (when she was 20) the Prince de Ligne.



AUTHOR GANT
"TEA" AND GOOD PIANO

When she rented 77, Chester Square, then as today a demure address in Belgravia, on her first London visit, she lived happily with seven chameleons, a wolfhound, three other dogs, a cheetah, Bilibonza the parrot, and Darwin the monkey.

On a subsequent visit she rented a villa in St John's Wood where she kept live snakes decorated with jewelled rings and chains.

Broomstick

It is in her prime that she should be remembered. Then, when women were plump, Sarah was sleek as a Toledo blade. So slight that they said she slid through raindrops without getting wet. And when one man, waiting by the theatre, said, "Here comes the witch," his companion answered, "I see only the broomstick."

Her long, sensitive face was as striking as the voice whose merest whisper would draw out the very souls from rowdies in the pit. She was brilliant, the pit. She was brilliant.

stand above 464 square miles of pucker landscape unduly tempting to criminals.

To the north-west Hollywood nestles against the Santa Monica mountains, north are the Sierra Madre, west Venice and the Pacific, south "the biggest man-made port in the world," and east and south-east the industrial city.

This area of riches is defended, according to Mr Webb, by "developed, fast-rolling, and hard-driving police force." It has to be.

These who come seeking easy and rich employment turn often to crime, and there are "strong-arm men prowling for furs and jewels. There is the nest of homosexuals, which lives under constant threat of murder, shakedown, and blackmail."

Vice queen

Brenda Allen, the vice queen, commanded 114 "pleasure girls" in Hollywood. She was arrested 20 times before the police could "make one stick."

The story of this book is the Police Department, but many crimes are covered, including the terrible and unsolved "Black Dahlia" sex murder, and the bombing of the Club Mecca, when six innocents were killed and more injured while the juke box played.

Jack Webb is an innocent man who has made a million dollars out of the Los Angeles



Police Department. He did it by producing the top American TV series, "Dragnet" and himself taking the part of Sergeant Joe. "All we want is the facts, ma'am," Friday.

A QUICK FLIP...

BEDS IN THE EAST, by Anthony Burgess (Helmans, 15s.)

A really funny novel about Englishmen, Tanis, Chinese, and others in Malaya.

THE PRISONER AT JALA, by Gerard Bell (Hutchinson, 15s.)

A small British action involving an infantry brigade in the Aden area. A well told and exciting story that sticks here and there when either are involved. All-male cast.

(London Express Service)

AND HERE'S ANOTHER DAVIS TO SHOUT ABOUT

By NOEL GOODWIN

ASKED to name the American jazzman I would most like to welcome to Britain, who has not already been my vote would go to Miles Davis.

For 10 years the Illinois-born trumpeter, 36 next month, has been a major influence in modern jazz development.

Two new discs of his that I have just heard are eloquent evidence of his continuing brilliance: "Milestones" (Fontana TFL 5058) and "Relaxin'" (Esquire 32-008), both 12in. LPs.

The six numbers of "Milestones" recorded early last year with alto-saxist "Cannonball" Adderley as guest artist with the Davis Quintet, are the best value.

They project the flair for eloquent understatement, the melodic imagination and lyrical style characteristic of Davis at his best, backed by fine teamwork.

"Relaxin'" is a happy-go-lucky affair of six other numbers dating from 1956—less rewarding because less well shaped, but not to be ignored as a specimen of Davis's creative prowess.

ART TATUM-BEN WEBSTER: Quartet (Columbia, 33CK.10137, 12in. LP).

Half a dozen "pop" tunes transformed into something worth while by the combined artistry of Tatum, the blind pianist who died in 1956, and tenor-saxist Ben Webster. An excellent choice for relaxed, leisurely listening that makes no demands on the imagination but provides lasting pleasure.

No startling ideas to pin down the ears, but softly driving treatment of six numbers.

TAL FARLOW: Guitar Solos (Columbia, 33CK.10132, 12in. LP). Since hearing Charlie Byrd with the Woody Herman band in Britain, some re-thinking about present-day jazz guitarists is overdue.

JACKY'S DIARY
BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 3 1/2

To Day I'm Sick in Bed because
yesterday I went out in the Rain.

I got Water in my shoes & now
it's in my nose. I guess that's
on a count of I sleep laying down.

This Morning The Doctor* came
to Ex-Salmon Me. He Must of Been Go-
ing on a Trip Cause he had his Soot-Case
With Him.

The 1st thing a Dr. does
is to feel your Pulse, so
he can tell how Sick you
Are.

Then he Listens inside of
your Chest with a Telescope
so he can Hear if there's
Any Germs in there.

THE EXPLORER
A dramatic new concept in slide projectors

PRECISION MADE BY
Bell & Howell
IT LOOKS DIFFERENT... AND IT IS!

This strikingly new projector is ultra-modern in every respect—years ahead of its time in both styling and performance.

It changes slides for you automatically... runs in forward or reverse by **POINT-A RAY REMOTE CONTROL**... automatically locks slides in sharp focus, it actually offers more automatic features than all other slide projectors combined!

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SOLE AGENTS: **FILMO DEPOT** MARINA HOUSE.

After that He sticks a Glass
stick in your mouth to take
the Temperature of your
Germs. Only You Must
eat it.

Also it's got Numbers on it
which tells how many Germs
Are inside of you. Healthy
People have
Got 99.99
Got A
Hundred
& One.

The reason You can't see Germs is Be-
cause they're smaller than the Naked
Eye.

When The Dr. finished Looking he wrote a
Letter to the Man in the Drug-Store. Only
He didn't Mail it, But told Mommy to del-
iver it instead. What A cheap-skate!

The Dr. says I have to
stay in Bed all Day To-
Morrow. So I'm doing
all my running around
Today.

ADD VICE FOR
CHILDREN.
Germs are so tiny that
50,000 of them can fit
on the Head of a Pin.
Which is why You should't
Put Pins in your mouth.
Your Friend, JACKY.

A QUESTION FOR EVERY DAY-DREAMING WIFE

Would YOU like to be this woman?

ON a sudden, grey rainy day when the kitchen is cluttered with drip-dry washing that goes drip-drip-drip, and you wonder if it will ever get dry-dry-dry, do you sometimes sigh into your teacup and wish you were someone else?

Still a woman — but some other woman. A woman who goes places and does things. Things that don't include the laundry.

The Queen, maybe? Princess Margaret? Loveable, wise, old Mrs. Roosevelt? Or that other American woman — Mrs. What's-her-name — that female ambassador who hits the headlines as regularly as a metronome beats time?

You know the one I mean, Mrs. Rare Truth Goose — something like that.

What is her name? Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce — that's it. That's the one I mean. How would you like to be her? What would it be like?

Roughly, it would be like this.

You'll have unlimited money. You'd have blonde good looks (that's something at 50 plus), brains, great vitality, and a husband who not only controls a publishing empire (Time, Life, and Fortune magazines) but has much political power as well.

You'd lead an exciting, glamorous life. You'd have as much fascinating travel as anyone could wish. And you'd have a very considerable amount of political power yourself.

You'd like it? Then let's have a look at what you'd have to be and have to do to get it.

Essential...

To begin with, brains. Absolutely essential. The brains. Then, ruthlessness. No less essential, it must be there in both degree and quantity. Thirdly, the dedicated, single-minded wish for power. More than that, a will to power. The power to say — and mean it — "I will have power."

Mrs. Luce has all these — in abundance. She has more besides. She has brains, money, and ambition that she hasn't even used yet. Thanks to all

by
**DEE
WELLS**

these attributes, she has had a fabulous career.

If not exactly shrouded in mystery, her early life is a little hazy. One report says she "comes from sound New England stock" — that's that.

Another more interesting one says she ran away from her mother, who was an ex-chorus girl. That she shook small-town dust from her feet when she was in her early 20's, settled in New York City and supported herself by making paper flowers. That she settled in New York City is certainly true. But that is to say she settled down. Twice-married, she has never settled down.

From paper flowers she turned to journalism. From journalism to acting. From acting to playwriting. And in playwriting she had her first big success. Her play *The Women*, a brilliantly witty and satirical denunciation of her own sex, ran 82 weeks on Broadway. In New York and London alone the play netted \$80,000.

Made into a film (with not a single man in the cast) it was a world-wide box-office success. Her name was made. From then on everything she touched turned to gold.

Of course, some things she touched to were already gold.

A gold mine

Her second husband, Henry Luce, was a gold mine if ever there was one. As publisher of *Time* and *Life* he was enormously rich. As a rich man and a publisher he was a particularly important and vocal Republican. (At this stage in the storm the time is the early '30s. America is in the midst of the depression years and Franklin Roosevelt is serving his first term as President in a

● Three pictures from the Clare Boothe Luce scrapbook... At the top right she wears casual, country clothes for a visit to Sir Winston Churchill. In the center: A glamorous evening dress and champagne glass to receive a greeting from the Duke of Windsor. On the right: A black lace mantilla covers her head for a visit to the late Pope.

heavily dominant Democratic Government.)

Mr. Luce found the brainy, beautiful blonde Clare irresistible. Her first marriage had already ended in divorce. His own quickly followed suit. In 1939 they were married. And Part II of her life unfolds.

She now turned to magazine editing. And the glossy American magazine *Vanity Fair* gave Clare Boothe Luce what was perhaps her first heady draught of how pleasant it was to run things.

Editing conquered. The *Women* behind her, a novel published, she now invaded a really powerful domain, the almost exclusively male world of politics.

In 1942 — with all the might of the Luce publications and money backing her — she stood for Congress as a fiercely anti-Communist Republican candidate from the State of Connecticut.

She got in. And for six years she raised holy hell in Washington. She became the most outspoken member of the Opposition, and the most razor-tongued woman ever to serve in Congress.

No Democrat was safe from her tongue. When ex-Vice-President Henry Wallace mildly suggested that America should play a more responsible part in world leadership, Mrs. Luce nipped him and dismissed the idea as "Globaloney."

'Pixilated...'

She spoke of Democrats as "a buck-toothed fringe." Democratic President Truman was a "gone goose" and lacked "comphly," she said, and had been chosen by the Democrats in "one of their more pixilated moments."

Her Congressional terms expired, Clare Boothe Luce threw herself with her characteristic fervor and publicity-consciousness into her next endeavour. She found Faith, and wished to be received into the Roman Catholic church. To do so she was personally tutored by New York's TV priest, the dynamic Mgr. Fulton Sheen.

She was the most notable convert of many a year. She made her first communion. And her first communion made the headlines.

In 1952 the political scene changed. The Democrats were out. The Republicans were in, and Dwight Eisenhower was President.

Both Clare Boothe Luce and her husband were old friends of Eisenhower. Both had supported his candidacy.

In American politics, such support never goes unwarded. What could President Eisenhower give the Luces that would be a fitting reward for such staunch friendship? What would



WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.



WITH THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.



WITH POPE PIUS XII.

Two poodles

Big it was. Italy, it was. An important post usually reserved for career diplomats. And in February 1953 the new lady ambassador kissed her good friend Eisenhower goodbye and set sail for her post. Travelling with her were her two poodles and her husband.

The two poodles and the husband roamed the handsome marble corridors and rooms of the American Ambassador's residence in Rome. Mrs. Luce roamed all Italy — and got in many a patch of hot water.

Within a month of her arrival in Rome she told the Italians how she (and America) expected them to vote in their imminent general election, and made it clear that if it was too left or too right American aid might be cut off.

In 1954, after another too-long Luce speech, the whole Italian Press furiously accused her of "interfering in Italian affairs." One paper stated: "She makes us long for an old-fashioned ambassador in striped trousers."

A convent

As an ardent convert, she visited the Pope. And — so the story goes — lectured him for 20 straight minutes on the beauty of the True Faith. The Pope got no word in, save an occasional, "Yes, Mrs. Luce." However, he managed the last word (no mean feat with fast-talking Luce), and said tiredly, "Yes, yes, Mrs. Luce. But I am a Catholic already."

In 1956 Madame Ambassador Luce was found to be ill with arsenical poisoning. Was it a plot against her life? Was there a sinister Borgias-esque creature tapping the white powder from a poison ring into the American Ambassador's champagne cocktail?

There were more headlines. But it was no plot. There was no Borgias. The ambassador's bedroom ceiling was discovered to be flaking. Some of the paint flakes had got into her breakfast. The paint contained arsenic. It was as simple as that.

Her recovery took some time. But it is now complete, and she is now in the headlines again.

This time over her recent appointment as ambassador to Brazil. The Democratic senators in the U.S. Congress spoke out heatedly against her! Too tact-

less, too Republican, too political — the post should go to a career diplomat.

Her Republican admirers did an inept job of defending her. One, Senator Dirksen, declared oratorically: "Don't beat an old bag of bones." As the laughter thundered about him, he tried to retrieve his and Mrs. Luce's dignity by saying: "I mean an old bag of political bones." It made it no better.

Endorsed

Her present and good friend like greatly endorsed her. Despite all the fuss her appointment was confirmed by the Senate. Mrs. Luce would go as ambassador to Brazil.

But her Republican champions, like and Clare herself, reckoned without the ultimate word of Henry Luce himself.

He put his foot down firmly. Mrs. Luce had been "scurrilously attacked" in the U.S. Senate. Mrs. Luce would not go as ambassador to Brazil.

But will Mrs. Luce stay home? Will she give up without a fight her hard-won, much-enjoyed power? Will she drift out of the headlines into housewife obscurity?

Temporarily perhaps she may do all of these. But no man, not even Henry Luce, can keep a good woman down. Temporarily Mrs. Luce is a woman who must go places, must do things. Eventually she will bounce back in the limelight, back in the headlines, back in everyone's hair.

It has its points. It is a way of life.

But would you still like to be her?

Man On The Moon: The Concluding Chapter

RETURN TO EARTH

By JOHN MACLEAN

JAMES ROGERS had been on the moon just three hours when he lay down again on the couch in his space rocket, pressed the button marked "Return," felt the motors kick, opened his eyes and saw through the tiny porthole the moon falling away behind him.

He made radio contact with his base on the earth and dictated his report for the second time, concisely and monotonously.

For the first time, the precariousness of his position struck home to him.

Twice more he would have to radio his report back to ground control. Twice more to make absolutely certain there was an accurate copy somewhere — in case he didn't get back.

There were problems in getting back. The earth, unlike the moon, has an atmosphere. A rocket which doesn't slow at just the right moment is burned up so fiercely that it turns into pure gas.

The earth, unlike the moon, does not have deep dust pits to cushion the shock of a landing that does not come off just right.

He heard the radio crackle and adjusted the receiver.

They were going to try to land him in the Atlantic, just over Ascension Island, for long the receiving point for the rockets from Florida, a carefully patrolled stretch of water.

He had noticed and reported that the landing on the moon was just a few miles an hour too fast. He had not worried. It had been gentle enough.

But ground control were afraid something was fractionally wrong with the brake-rocket system. So they were landing him in the ocean where the shock would be cushioned.

The rocket might sink half a mile into the ocean and still come up safely.

Rogers shrugged. He did not like the idea. But it would be better than being smashed on some rocky surface.

He watched the dial settings. A steady speed of just 4,000 miles an hour showed on the complex electronic equipment which checked and plotted his position by bouncing radio signals off the earth and the moon.

There was nothing for him to do. There were no more buttons to push unless radio control broke down and he had to take over hand control.

If that happened, he would notice the absence of the steady "blip, blip, blip" of the control signal which registered the fact that everything was functioning according to plan.

He could sleep the clock around twice, in any case. And he was tired.

When he awoke, he looked at the dial. He had slept for 12 hours. Under the increasing pull of the earth, his speed had crept up — despite occasional cautious applications of the rocket brakes by the radio control centre — to 16,000 miles an hour. And it was increasing all the time.

It would take all the fuel available to slow him to a steady 25,000 miles an hour as he shot into the earth's atmosphere.

Then the fun would begin. He dictated his final report and chatted with ground control. The crucial test was approaching.

The engineers on the ground planned to slow down the rocket to 25,000 miles an hour as it touched the rim of the earth's atmosphere.

The atmosphere would slow it slightly more, then they would steer it back into space. On

due to crash. Forty-eight aircraft were on patrol. A large tug stood by to take the rocket in tow when it came to the surface. He himself would be picked up by a launch from one of the destroyers.

Everything was ready. The earth seemed green and fresh at this distance, magnificent against the black sky.

The steak tasted good. He watched the dials. His count changed abruptly, his speed dropped slowly. The trick was working. It had to. No rocket could possibly carry enough fuel for adequate braking.

Rogers was glad he was not doing his own navigating.

★ ★ ★

Down, down, down — 20,000, 10,000, 5,000 miles an hour. Now he could make out the broad expanse of the Atlantic. Everything was fine — except the temperature. The thermometer climbed — 80, 100, 110, 120. Rogers sweated.

He knew about that. Despite the slower speed and the cooling equipment, the friction against the atmosphere was heating the rocket.

He thought, would level off, he thought, about 130 degrees, then cool down to a normal 70 by the time it hit the water.

He dozed in the heat. Sleepily, he saw the water come up toward him. The dial showed 400 miles an hour. There was not enough fuel left to slow the rocket further. He strapped himself down and clenched his teeth.

The impact jarred his body. It was a lot worse than landing on the moon.

Then the emergency hatch opened. A naval officer put his head in, and said: "Nice morning. It was over."

THE END

What makes a woman magnetic?



Helena Rubinstein
real Silk Face Powder

HELENA RUBINSTEIN created real Silk Face Powder from pure atomised silk — because skin and silk have a natural affinity. Both are living substances strongly magnetic to each other. That is why real Silk Face Powder has a cling that simply cannot be equalled! AND for dry skins — Helena Rubinstein's Silk Face Powder Special — formulated to retain moisture, cling longer. Real Silk Face Powder comes in 9 flattering skin-tones. Including enchanting new Bed of Roses.

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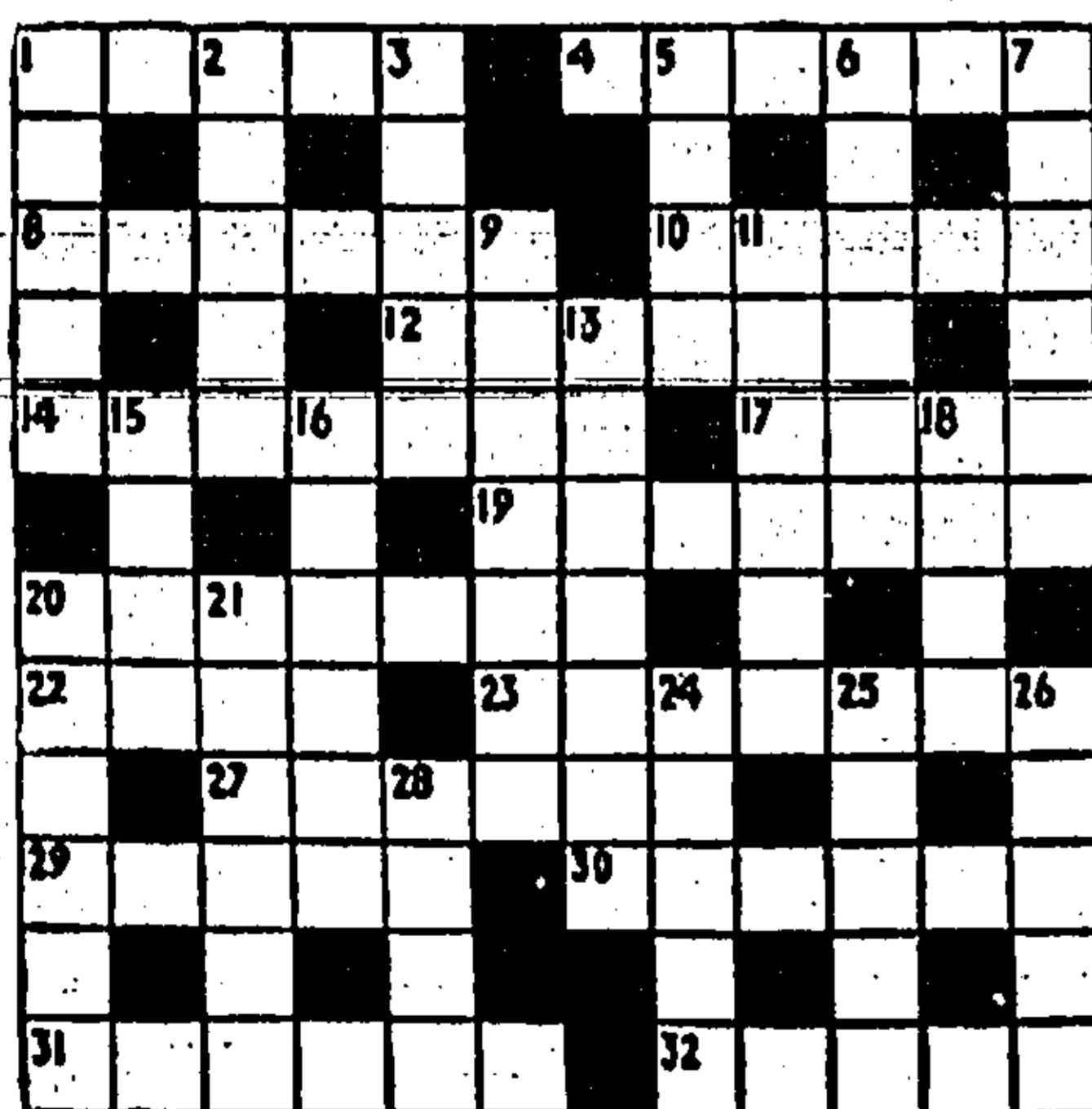
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A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

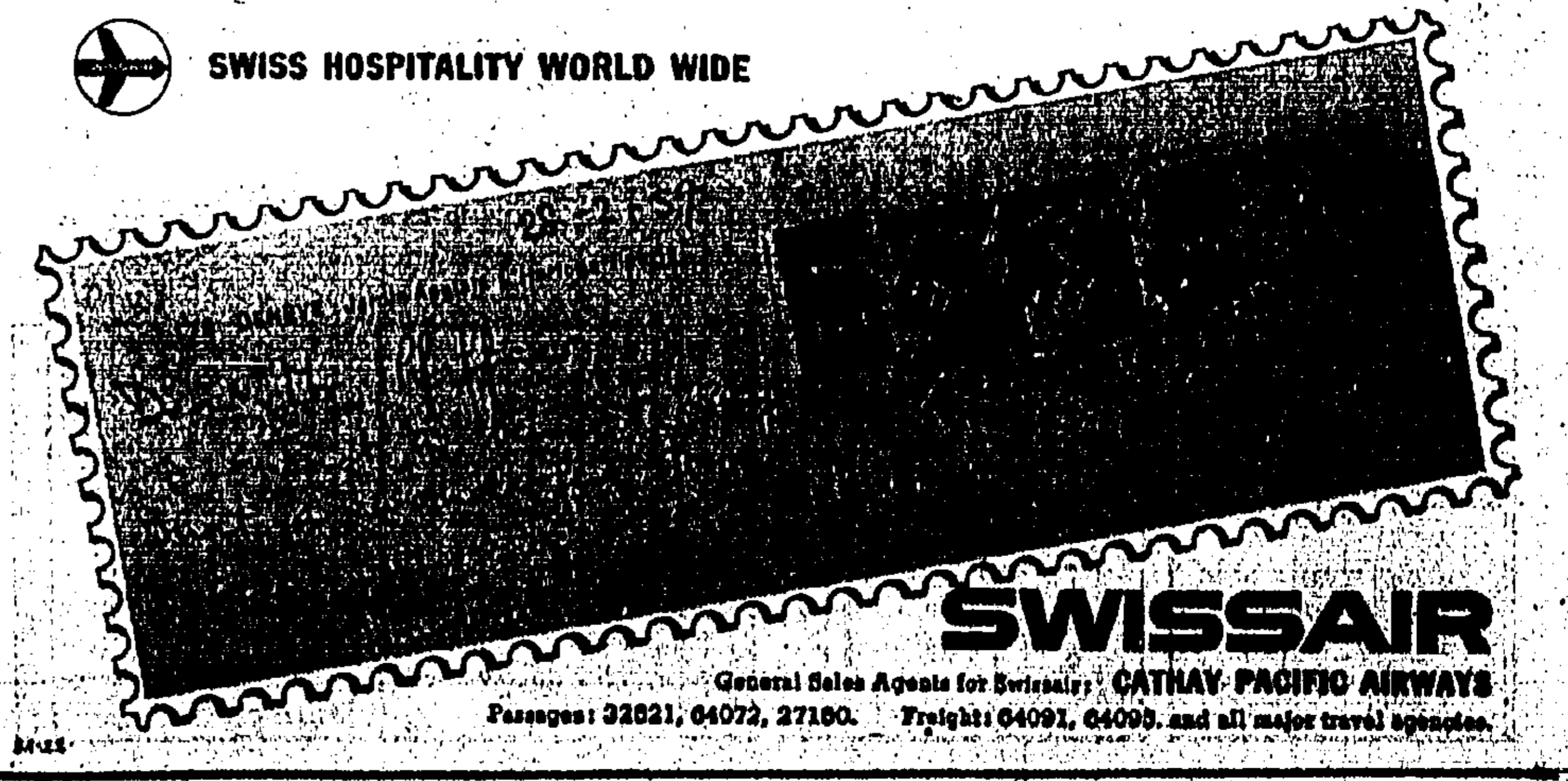
- 1 Mediated (5).
- 4 Extreme fright (6).
- 8 Looking-glass (6).
- 10 Cite (5).
- 12 Neither masculine nor feminine (6).
- 14 Doom (7).
- 17 Kilt (4).
- 18 Carried too far (7).
- 20 Liken (7).
- 22 Harvest (4).
- 23 Breed of cat (7).
- 27 Drives back (6).
- 28 Scratch (5).
- 30 Standing (6).
- 31 Unmarried (6).
- 32 Reassemble (6).

DOWN

- 1 Lapse (4).
- 2 Enchantress (5).
- 3 Idler (5).
- 5 Point of compass (4).
- 6 Bellowed (6).
- 7 Hinder (6).
- 9 Bitter repentance (7).
- 11 Severe headache (6).
- 13 Lays bare (7).
- 15 Wood-wind instrument (4).
- 16 Spruce (5).
- 18 Helps (4).
- 20 Badges (6).
- 21 Firework (6).
- 24 On the move (5).
- 25 Fraile (5).
- 26 Attempt (5).
- 28 Ring out (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Ignorant, 8 Prov, 9 Election, 11 Lemonade, 13 Rest, 15 Opulence, 16 Retreat, 18 Ally, 21 Tubercle, 22 Disposed, 23 Mire, 27 Resolute, Down: 1 Owl, 2 Term, 4 Gale, 5 Once, 6 Aque, 7 Tight, 9 Enter, 10 Edict, 12 Expat, 14 Sates, 16 Nogus, 17 Exred, 19 Alder, 20 Laps, 21 Toll, 22 Belt, 23 Omen, 24 Even.

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Impressive Performances By Recreio "A" Highlight First Week Of Bowls Season

By ROBERT TAY

Impressive performances by senior division champions, Recreio "A", formed the main highlight of the opening matches of the Colony lawn bowls league season during the last week.

In a close-scoring game on Saturday, they edged out one of the top contenders for this year's senior honours, Craigengower Cricket Club, by 4-1 and on Thursday they collected another five points from their clubmates, Recreio "B", in a match originally scheduled for today.

Against Craigengower, the champions, with an almost completely new line-up of No. 1's and No. 2's were full value for their margin of victory.

Showing excellent teamwork and combination, and displaying consistent bowls, they were in the first half well on top of the Valley bowlers, who were bowling in patches.

Successive Threes

Only a determined fightback by the Valley club in the second half enabled them to take the match to a close finish and snatch one point from it. The CCC four of C. K. Song, W. C. Young, M. Q. Wong and C. C. Ma were trailing behind by 8-15 in the 14th head of their game against C. F. Rozario, S. E. Souza, A. P. Pereira and A. A. Lopes but successful heavy shots by Ma and some excellent drawing by Martin Wong gave them three successive threes and a lead of 17-15 which they carried eventually to 21-16.

Brilliant Display

The best Recreio four on view that day were L. A. Rozario, H. A. Ozaio, E. M. Alarcoun and J. E. Noronha. Although L. A. Rozario was edged out slightly by opposing number P. Manson, the other three members of the four played extremely well throughout. After leading 11-9 at tea, they ramped home comfortably to win by 20-13. For CCC, Soares and Souza put in some good woods in the second half, but Coates was rather handicapped by his inability to

respond to the number of heavy shots called for by his No. 3.

The match on the third rink was highlighted by a brilliant display by Recreio's C. C. Pereira at No. 3. His accurate drawing and resting shots paved the way to his four's comfortable 23-21 win over P. R. Ragi, F. Lee, G. Hong Choy and S. Leonard, among whom Ragi at lead was the pick.

On Thursday, Recreio "B" found their senior team a shade too good for them on two rinks, after extending them up to tea time.

Lopes's four ran into a scoring spree in the second half to beat F. X. Silva's four by 20-13, but C. Rozario-Pereira and his men were held at 15-14 on the 14th head by C. E. Pussos's four and only a four, and two singles on the last three heads enabled them to emerge winners by 21-14.

Closest Game

The closest game was seen on the third rink where C. P. Pussos's four after trailing by 11-16 staged a strong finish on the last three heads with 1, 2, and 1 to lose by only 15-16 to J. E. Noronha's four.

In both these games, the champions, with their new line-up showed that they are a steady and consistent team though by no means spectacular and will be a hard nut to crack in this season's league.

Another outstandingly successful team of the week was the Kowloon Bowling Green Club twelve who by beating Talkoo Club 5-0 at Talkoo on Sunday, claimed the distinction of being the only first division team in the opening games to take maximum points.

The Talkoo dockmen, though outplayed on one rink when B. Brown's four lost 8-28 to W. Williamson's four, put up a very close fight on the other two rinks losing on each of these by only one shot.

Minor Upset

A minor upset was the defeat of the formidable HKPSA side, one of the top second division teams this year, by Filipino Club consisting of a number of players from their last year's third division team.

All the first division matches scheduled for today have been postponed to other dates, and the main highlights of the week's games will be provided tomorrow when Craigengower take on Talkoo Club at the Valley and Kowloon Bowling Green Club clash with Kowloon Cricket Club at Austin Road.

Craigengower are almost a different team when playing on their home green and although Talkoo are a fighting side, it is going to be a very difficult task for them to upset the Valley bowlers, although one point is not out of their reach.

Kowloon Bowling Green Club will undoubtedly start as favourites against KCC, but will have to watch out for the possibility of their going down by too wide a margin on one rink. Either of the four skipped by T. E. Baker and J. Landolt are capable of carrying their side through on their good day.

On Wednesday, Filipino Club with a few changes in their line-up will have to fight all

the way to avoid a 4-1 defeat from KCC. Although they have lost Davidson, the Dock team have actually been strengthened by the return of Gourlay as skipper, and KCC should be able to finish among the top teams this year.

Today's Highlights

Best of this afternoon's games is the second division encounter between HKFC and HKPSA at the Valley. Both teams are well in the running for the title with a number of former first division players among them. The Football Club are, however, the steadier and better-balanced side and a 4-1 win for them is indicated although victory will not come until after a very close finish.

In today's third division games the pick will probably be that between Talkoo and Hongkong Football Club. The Talkoo thirds picked up extremely well towards the end of last season, and are fully capable of giving top ranking HKFC a good run for all their worth.

Today's Games

SECOND DIVISION
PRC "B" v. PRC "A".
CCC v. HKCC.
HKFC v. HKPSA.
FC v. USRC (Postponed).
KCC (bye).
THIRD DIVISION
IRC v. IERC.
HKCC v. KBCG.
KCC v. HKFC.
CC (bye).

Tomorrow

FIRST DIVISION
CCC v. KCC.
KBCG v. KCC.
WEDNESDAY
FIRST DIVISION
FC v. KCC (at KBCG).
IRC "B" v. IRC "A".

Henry Longhurst On Golf LAW OF THE LINKS

"By special request," as the entertainers say when they had every intention of doing an encore anyway, I venture to produce an abbreviated set of golfing Rules which I feel might cover the day-to-day activities of club golfers who require a common code and have no intention of cheating.

No more is claimed for it than that, but it might, when its various inadequacies have been pointed out and corrected, serve as a basis of an official abbreviated version to replace the 93 pages of the present pocket edition.

It would be idle to deny that most people at the moment have only the sketchiest knowledge of the Rules. Those that follow could be printed—albeit in pretty small type—on the outside portions of a scorecard and every one could reasonably be expected to be acquainted with them.

Sterner Pro Code

For professionals playing for thousands of pounds it might be desirable to produce a sterner and more detailed code. If so, I have no doubt that the Rules of Golf Committee would give them a hand in doing so.

Perhaps I may note certain points in the suggested Rules? There is, for instance, no limitation of clubs. Only in this way, it seems to me, can we hope to break down the absurd notion that a "set" of golf clubs numbers 14. A "set" is the number you choose to carry and would in most cases range from seven to nine.

Again, I think that many minor contingencies, e.g. Anding your ball on the wrong green or having a dog run off with it would be covered, for club golfers at any rate, either by Rule 2 or by the words "in the traditional manner" in Rule 1.

The 'Background'

I envisage that the "background," i.e. form of clubs, amateur status, how to run a competition, etc., would remain available in a separate publication.

So here with due humility I set up to be shot at my plain man's Law of the Links:
1. The game shall be played in the traditional manner and with as little delay as possible. Penalty: Inactive play. Loss of hole. Stroke play, two strokes.
2. If any point in dispute be not covered by the Rules it shall be settled in accordance with equity.
3. Ball lost, out of bounds or unplayable. The player may drop

a ball on the nearest edge of the fairway under penalty of two strokes. Alternatively, he may forthwith under penalty of stroke and distance, play another ball from the same place as the first, the second ball then becoming the ball in play irrespective of where the first may later be found.

Impediments

4. Impediments and obstructions. Without penalty (1) any loose impediment may be removed, (2) a ball (a) in any hole, mark or matter left by an animal, (b) within two club-lengths of the hole, (c) on the line of play, (d) on the line of play, (e) on the line of play, (f) on the line of play, (g) on the line of play, (h) on the line of play, (i) on the line of play, (j) on the line of play, (k) on the line of play, (l) on the line of play, (m) on the line of play, (n) on the line of play, (o) on the line of play, (p) on the line of play, (q) on the line of play, (r) on the line of play, (s) on the line of play, (t) on the line of play, (u) on the line of play, (v) on the line of play, (w) on the line of play, (x) on the line of play, (y) on the line of play, (z) on the line of play.

Wrong Ball

8. If a player plays one stroke with the wrong ball, he shall go back and play again without penalty. If more than one stroke, he shall in match play lose the hole; in stroke play lose two strokes and finish the hole with the wrong ball. If two players in match play play the wrong ball, they shall finish the hole thus and the scores shall stand.

9. The club may be grounded anywhere except in a sand bunker.

10. No penalty shall be incurred for, by mistake, (1) hitting a moving ball, (2) playing the wrong ball, (3) touching the ground in a bunker, (4) playing out of turn, (5) moving the ball. In the case of (5) the ball shall be replaced, the player ensuring, as always, that no advantage to himself accrues.

ENGLISH PLAYERS' WIMBLEDON PROSPECTS

Christine Truman Has A Good Chance But Must Cut Out Those Net Rushes

By DAN MASKELL

(Training manager to the Lawn Tennis Association)

Can Christine Truman win Wimbledon this year? She has a good chance — if she makes up her mind about her game.

At the moment she shows a lack of decision whether to become a volleyer in the great tradition of those great American champions Alice Marble, Margaret Osborne, and Louise Brough, or an all-court player like Doris Hart, and, before her, England's own Dorothy Round.

Particularly on hard courts, the volleying game must have as its support a dominant service with first and second serves under complete control and as well as quicksilver reflexes and a wide range of volleys from below and above the net, a smash both powerful and consistent.

Her Natural Game

Christine, because of her technique and build, is unlikely to develop all these to the necessary standards, but she is only 16 and naturally inquisitive in finding out what she can and cannot do at the net. Being essentially a strong, healthy girl, she is enjoying the fun of playing at the net, and no matter what pitfalls, I, or anyone else may suggest, she will wait for her there, she must experience herself.

Unnecessary defeats will eventually hurt her and lead to a loss of confidence. I think, Christine's natural game — one of severe, solid, ground-stroke play backed up by an accurate net game.

I shall be surprised and disappointed if she doesn't learn

the lesson that you cannot come up to the net "on a wish" and a prayer" against the accuracy and guile of Angela Mortimer, who beat her in the hard courts final recently, or against the uninitiated passing strokes of Little Mimi Arnold, of America, who beat her at Wimbledon last year.

Ambitious

Christine has a powerful enough game and stroke-play bigger and better than some past Wimbledon champions.

Rip-Roaring Stuff

Now what of England's men? Billy Knight, 23-year-old Davis Cup star from Northampton, played some rip-roaring stuff at Bournemouth.

He returned the No. 1 seed, Chile's Louis Ayala, to a tenacious and gruelling match when he beat him 1-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2 in the semi-final.

In the final he lost his title only by a hair-breadth in a defensive game with a tenacious and gruelling match when he beat him 1-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2 in the semi-final.

Though Knight is now a tough competitor, especially on hard courts, his slice backhand is too vulnerable on fast Wimbledon grass against rampant volleyers.

Big Hope

It is time he had a reasonable draw in the championships, and with a bit of luck he could make his presence felt—but winning is a different matter.

Bobby Wilson, 23, of Finchley, was within a point and a service game of beating Australia's Ashley Cooper, winner last year. Can he do even better this time?

FOREST'S RECORD

Nottingham Forest, quite unnoticed, created a record by winning the FA Cup Final at Wembley.

They played nine matches in the competition — and fielded the same eleven each time!

Manager Billy Walker, when asked who gave them the hardest game, replied: "Manchester United and Tottenham." The previous Cup-winners were losing 0-2 at one stage in that game in South London. — Bureau Service.



CHRISTINE TRUMAN

SPORTS QUIZ

1. How many countries have beaten France at rugby football this year?
2. What do LBW (b) LTA (c) MCC?
3. Name four England cricket captains who played in the same Test team against Australia.
4. Which tennis player has won the Wimbledon men's singles title the most times?
5. Who was the last Frenchman to win the Wimbledon men's singles title?
6. When was the last occasion that a world heavyweight title fight ended in the first round?
7. Which is the only filly to have won outright four English classics — The Two Thousand, Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger.
8. May a golfer remove sand from the putting green if it is on the line of his putt?
9. Which jockey has ridden more than 5,000 winners.
10. Which bowler has taken more than 1,000 wickets in first-class cricket?

(Answers on Page 19)

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Mrs A. Riddell has just won the Durham County women's golf championship for the third successive year.

What is remarkable about her feat is that when she married in 1938 after considerable success as a young golfer, she gave up the game for ten years! She did not touch a club again until 1948 after she had raised a family. — Bureau Service.

Softball League Review TOO MANY ONE-SIDED GAMES SEEN IN JUNIOR DIVISION

Out of the 90-odd league games scheduled over a six-month period from late September 1958 to early April 1959 the scores in no fewer than 64 reached double figures indicating that there was a preponderance of one-sided matches.

This, coupled with two shut-outs, a no-hitter, three extra-inning games, seven forfeits and eleven games that did not last more than five innings, ought to give you a rough indication of the state of affairs of our recently concluded Junior softball season.

I say "concluded" with tongue in cheek because my records indicate that there is an outstanding Junior match still awaiting rescheduling by the man responsible for these matters.

At the beginning of the season the PI Dodgers looked good for yet another pennant. Stiff opposition was expected from the Cardinals and the Comets with the Cheyennes having a look-in.

Winning Streak

As if I say "you're all well" Robert Remedios' Cheyennes embarked on a 10-game winning streak in the first round until the Dodgers stopped them cold with a fine 3-2 triumph to start off the New York for the Philippines on a bright note.

A week later the Cheyennes dropped another decision, this time to the Cardinals in an 8-

inning game but they rallied in the concluding stages of the playing season to win five more games before meeting the Dodgers in a championship play-off. Remedios' boys won 4-1 in what was unanimously termed by both Press and softball public alike as one of the dullist Junior finals in years.

Throughout the season the Cheyennes showed an unfortunate tendency of under-estimating the opposition. This resulted in their having to rely on late rallies and this show of bravado must have caused minor Remedios many anxious moments. I am unable to confirm if he has in fact put in a fresh order for finger nails.

Their obvious superiority in batting and base-running, thanks to Manuel Xavier, Luis Silva, Johnny Chaves and Carlos Azevedo played a great part in

their winning the title. Incidentally Xavier has good reason to remember this season. He won the Junior batting title, was runner-up in the MVP voting and also won a berth in the triumphant Portugal team.

There is no denying that the Cheyennes failed to play the type of softball we all know they are capable of. The team has some excellent Senior league material and I should not be too surprised to see a few familiar faces playing Senior softball in the coming season.

Well-Balanced Team

The PI Dodgers under Fred Dietz Sr. were an experienced and well-balanced team. Baker Huzain did not give any outstanding performances on the mound but he pitched steadily

By Oily Vas

throughout the season. In shortstop Lester Wu they have a very able infielder who needs but a little more time to develop into a Senior league ball player. Apart from Bosco Ozaio and Celso Carrillo the Philippines, however, had little hitting power. Had it not been for two "off days" when the Comets and later the Mustangs upset them, the Philippines might well have walked away with the championship.

Coveted Honour

Third place was snatched by the Cardinals. The most coveted honour in softball came their way when their ED, "Sonny" Machado won by a convincing margin, the title of the league's Most Valuable Player. This ex-Senior leaguer was obviously more at home in the lower division and he struck out the unbelievable total of 108 batters and got a no-hitter against the starbusts. It staggers the imagination just how much higher this figure might have been had not two forfeits been registered in his team's favour. I would not go so far as to say this is a record for strikeouts because the Association does not keep detailed records as is done in the Big League in U.S.A. But it should set a mark to be aimed at by all Junior league hurlers in future.

Did Rather Well

Despite having little playing experience the Cards did rather well. Alvaro Souza's joining the ranks was a little late because he batted out a pair of homers in the only two games he played. If the Cardinals keep together they will yet pose a threat to other Junior teams in the not too distant future.

Among the also-rans the Capsles were the pick of the bunch. Sheridan Hamate boys

got off to a very late start and did not strike top form until it was too late. They finished strongly, thanks to Reggie Hame, who pitched his arm out for his team-mates.

As for other teams mentioned must be made here not of their playing ability but of their sportsmanship on the field of play.

The Eagles lacked a pitcher with control. The Starbusts made up in keenness for their lack of stature and in Gabriel Vempin they have a lad with great promise.

The University boys showed great improvement towards the end of the season. Their big moment? Without a doubt, it was their five-inning upset victory over the Cardinals by 20-6.

A Fair Season

The Austers just could not get going without Dave Cooper while the Overseas could well have dispensed with the services of team manager Lee Chue-hong who took no interest in them.

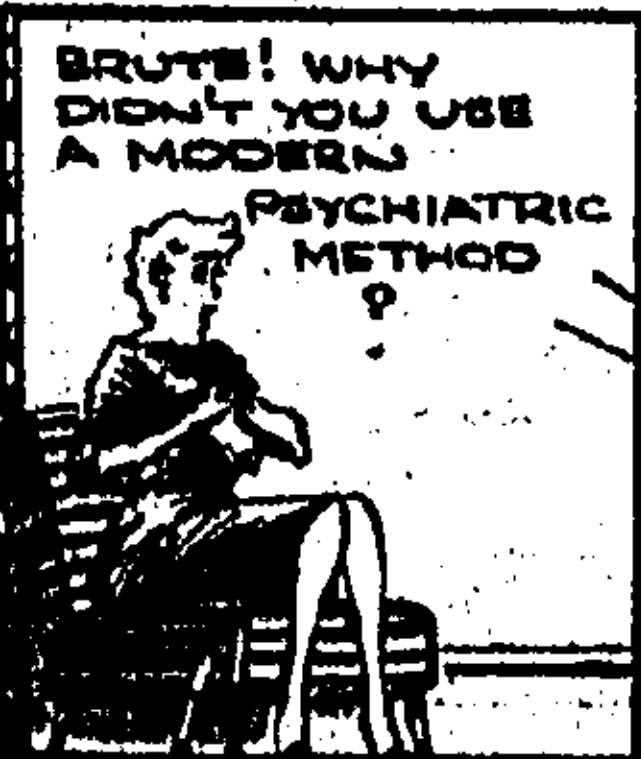
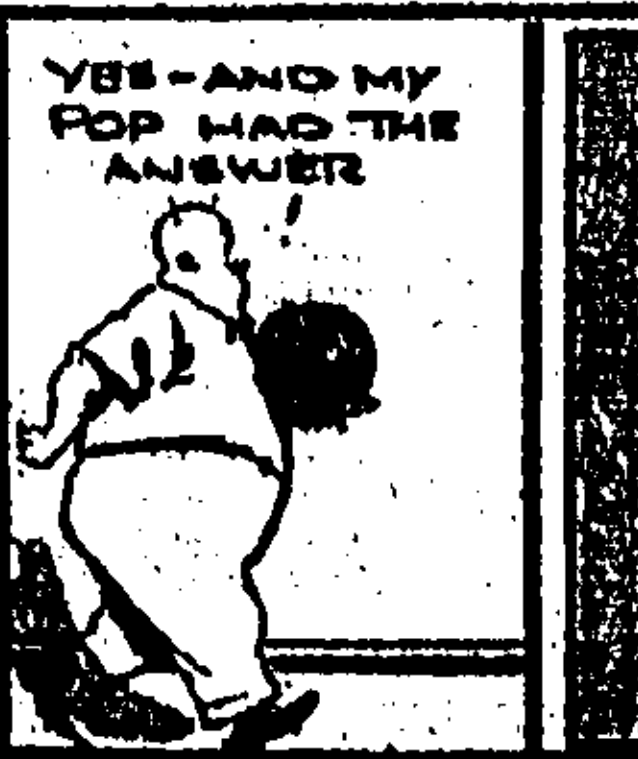
The Overseas secured the dubious honour of being the team which gave the most walk-overs. The Diamonds tried hard at all times.

All in all a fair season. Enthusiasm on the part of players was shared by the loyal few who follow the fortunes of minor division softball. The standard of play fell short of expectations.

Officially the playing season is all over but the King's Park diamond will be the scene of renewed activity as the Summer League gets under way next month.

This contributor and his typewriter are due for a long rest till the regular league commences in the autumn months when I must beg your indulgence and ask for "Time Out".

POP - Daddy Oh!



By Gog

Whatever your sport you can't beat



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Let Us Give Them A Good Old-Fashioned Sailor's Farewell

"There's something about a sailor . . . you know what sailors are . . ."

The words of that old song came back with a nostalgic bang this week following the quiet announcement that the Royal Navy has decided to call it a day as far as competitive sport in Hongkong is concerned.

Indeed, there is something about a sailor, and sportsmen in every corner of the Colony, and in every sporting activity, will find it very hard to appreciate that the marauding mate-lots are no longer there as opponents fighting every inch of the way for goals, runs, wickets, tries and the points that count in championship aspirations.

The Navy's case has been stated soberly and lowly in the press. Never has the senior service been more modest for, while changing circumstances have certainly reflected on their achievements in recent years, nothing for nothing. . . can ever minimise the extent of the contribution which the Royal Navy has made to Hongkong sport. Nothing can prejudice the reputation for grand sportsmanship that has been built up by the sailors down through the years.

Our Debt

It is impossible at this stage to calculate the debt which our community owes to the boys in blue.

Likewise it is difficult to know just how much of our present progress and prestige has been built on the solid foundation provided by the officers and ratings of the Royal Navy. In the dim distant days when the sporting character of our community was being formulated, it may well be that the running spirit which bubbled through the Colony's athletic arteries wears a dark blue bell-bottom suit, a collar with three white stripes, and boasts the free and easy demeanour so characteristic of Britain's fighting sailors.

The full impact of the announcement of the Navy's withdrawal from sport was softened by the qualifying assurance that the familiar colours would still be seen on the Colony sports fields even if only in friendly contests. Those good folk who are in sport for the sheer love of it will welcome this part of the statement for Hongkong sport without some contribution from the Royal Navy would indeed be a very strange set-up.

A Fitting Tribute?

We have, however, come to the end of an era. That is always a moment for regret. In this particular case I cannot believe that it should be allowed to pass as though it was some routine end of the season occurrence. It is nothing of the kind.

Our sporting associations should now give serious consideration as to how best they can get together to replace the mainstay . . . not so much as a 'farewell' to the sailors of the moment but as a salute to the contribution of the Royal Navy sportsmen who for more than a century exploited their talent on the Colony's playing fields and who by their actions and example set the pattern that has made Hongkong the in-

teresting sports rendezvous it is today.

This looks like a suitable time for the Olympic Committee to step in and organise a fitting tribute to a gallant band of sportsmen who, by force of changing circumstances, have been compelled to revise their attitude to games in Hongkong. Now is the time for us to show that we do indeed know what sailors are . . .

The third game of the recent series against the visiting Costa Ricans saw a record gross harvest of more than \$150,000.00 pour into the coffers of the Hongkong Football Association.

That real money, by any standard, it also opens the eyes of football followers to the financial potential of Colony soccer for the usual practice these days is to have visitors to play three games . . . and if efficient planning could produce three full houses a single series would realise \$470,000.00, nearly half a million dollars!!!

Planning Theme

Now I know only too well that such a possibility is probably remote but obviously that MUST be the planning theme of the association . . . otherwise one would be forced to assume that prices are nowadays being pushed up to the limit in the hope that the game will be played on a regular basis for the tour and leave a healthy profit.

This time it worked. It could so easily have been the greatest financial disaster ever to hit the HKFA's bank balance. The prices were dangerously high and if Hongkong had won the first game one shudders to think of the consequences.

The local team selections for the first two games in this Costa Rican series were bitterly criticised in many places; so too was the price structure which was set for all three games . . . and then two clubs in concert produced two plannings small gates at the first and second matches.

If you tie these comments up to the latest news that Hearts will not after all be visiting the Colony you may be pardoned asking if we are being too cautious or even too greedy in our financial dealings with potential visitors.

It is a well-known fact that the 'spite' of attracting two capacity gates last year, Blackpool failed to make ends meet on their Hongkong excursion. They were actually out-of-pocket.

By I. M. MACTAVISH

I am not for one moment suggesting that Hearts were influenced solely by financial considerations in arriving at their decision not to come here on their way to America. . . but I cannot believe that a project so attractive that clubs on tour would have to think twice, and then think again, before turning down our offer, and we could still do that and make it pay handsomely as well.

The Hongkong 'Scouters' will number around forty. They expect to be faced by Interop opposition from between twenty-five and thirty-five teams, residents tomorrow, and I am told by one of the leaders of the Hongkong contingent that they anticipate a very high standard of 'scouting' during the meeting. Here's wishing them well.

Still Big Money

We are still dealing in terms of the pre-Hongkong Stadium era. Three full houses at prices considerably lower than those set for the Costa Ricans would still add up to the sort of money that takes with conviction both here and overseas.

Maybe the time has come for us to revise our ideas on the whole subject of budgeting for visits from football teams from distant parts of the world.

Sometimes the Colony's 'little' sports suffer unfairly because they get lost in the shadows of the limelight so generously directed on to those major activities which bask in the title of 'crowd-pleasers' . . . or even 'crowd purrs'.

It is the same wherever you go but that does not make it one iota less regrettable. It seems clear that in this modern age the spectator element is even more important to progress than the pleasure of participation. One redeeming factor is that occasionally one of the 'little' sports enjoys a passing interlude of glory and it may well be that, as a result, the enthusiasts concerned get a special kick out of their big moment.

Important Event

Something of that sort is happening here in our midst this week-end and this afternoon, if you care to take a walk in the vicinity of the Macao Ferry Pier, you can be the first to witness a collection of real enthusiasts setting off for an important event in the Portuguese Colony. They are the men and women, and girls and boys . . . of the Hongkong

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



Vespas Club setting out with their scooters for the Annual Interop Meeting with their opposite numbers in Macao.

Great Popularity

The popularity of the motor scooter has increased by leaps and bounds in recent years. The machines, quite apart from proving sturdy, versatile, reliable and economic to run, have bred a new line of sportsmen and sportswomen and there is not the slightest doubt that their numbers will rise steadily as more and more people get round to appreciating that these

practical little machines can also be a rich source of sporting pleasure.

Once again a new Lawn Bowls season has got underway . . . and once again we are having to listen to the usual crop of stories of disension and bickering within certain teams.

Happy Combination

Maybe these have a morsel of truth . . . maybe they haven't, but they get plenty of service from those who just cannot resist the temptation to push a 'good story' along . . . and they do the game no good at all.

During the week I had the opportunity of a few words with one of our best known lawn bowlers and I was most interested in his comment about his own team. He said "Just watch us for the First Division Championship this season. The way we are going to be right up there next September."

I asked him if he was confident because his club had built up a particularly good team and he gave me this interesting reply . . . "No, it's not

that entirely," he said, . . . "Oh we have a good collection of players . . . but this time we seem to have found a happy combination. I think the ability of the players and their attitude to the game will be enough to clinch the Championship."

At this stage no names, no jack drill, but let me say only that the team concerned has got off to a very good start. . .

Finally just a brief word of apology for the unfortunate slip in the type which rather upset the sense of last Saturday's Wembley article.

I hope you managed to piece it together . . . and may I say how much I appreciated the trouble which no many of you took to let me know that you had enjoyed the story.

[We regret that in making up the sports pages last Saturday, five paragraphs in I.M. Mactavish's article "The Wonders of Wembley" were placed out of context. The Editor apologises both to the author of the article and the readers for the confused report which was published.]

The 15th Battalion, RASC, Can Boast Of A Unique Boxing Accomplishment

By ARCHIE QUICK

Unending are the sporting achievements of the 15th Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, Perched on a Dorset hill high above the town of Blandford, they look down on other units from a lofty athletic pinnacle.

Boxing is perhaps their greatest pride, but that does not mean that they are only average performers in other sports.

Soccer, rugby, athletics, hockey, lawn tennis, swimming, they take them all in their stride—to the tune of an insured £2,000 display of silver trophies. On view, this massive collection looks like a Bond Street jewellers' show window.

Their Great Joy

They are justly proud of all their shields and cups, but their great joy, and unique accomplishment, is that the British Army has for the first time supplied three Amateur Boxing Association Championships. The winners at Wembley were Lance/Capt. Fred Eldersfield (middleweight), Pte. Paul Warwick (light) and Driver Don Weller (bantam)—three skilful Cockneys.

To celebrate the feat the "15th" dared to challenge and defeat a British Army team at a camp celebration.

Although Eldersfield has now turned professional, and was, therefore, unable to box, Warwick and Weller assisted in the 22-17 defeat of the visitors, who included some redoubtable names.

Their Successes

A recital of the RASC's many successes is rather breath-taking, but here goes: Boxing: Three ABA titles, Army Inter-Unit Championship for the past three years (and with it the massively handsome King's Shield), seven Army Finals out of 10 this year, three Imperial Services Championships, eight RASC Championships out of 10, Southern Command Championship, South Western Cham-

pionship, Soccer: Dorset Senior Cup winners (beating three semi-professional clubs), six Dorset County and two Army representatives. Southern Command Championship, RASC 6-aside tournament winners. Rugby: five Dorset County and three Army representatives. Southern Command Championship, South Western Championship. And so on, ad lib, through the rest of the sports.

Major General A.F.J. Elmslie, CBE, Inspector of the RASC, presented the awards at the Army match in the camp's spacious cinema, and it was difficult to say who was the proudest man present—the C.O., Lieut-Col. Walter Rowley, the boxing officer, Major R. L. Thomas or the trainer, CQMS H. Capplestone.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. One. Ireland.
2. (a) Leg before wicket, (b) Marylebone Cricket Club.
3. Chappin a n, Hammond, Hobbs and Jardine, 1928-29.
4. W. C. Renshaw. Seven times.
5. Yvon Petra. 1946.
6. 1953. Rocky Marciano knocked Jersey Joe Walcott at Chicago.
7. Eceptre.
8. Yes.
9. Johnny Longden.
10. Wilfred Rhodes.

HOT WATER

in an instant
WITH GAS

Sports Diary

TODAY
1st Division: Army v RASC (20)
2nd Division: Army v RASC (20)
3rd Division: Army v RASC (20)
4th Division: Army v RASC (20)
5th Division: Army v RASC (20)
6th Division: Army v RASC (20)
7th Division: Army v RASC (20)
8th Division: Army v RASC (20)
9th Division: Army v RASC (20)
10th Division: Army v RASC (20)

An entirely new Electrolux FLOOR POLISHER

EFFORTLESS CONTROL
Triple-brush action: two brushes revolve clockwise, one anti-clockwise. There is no "pull".

SELF-ADJUSTING BRUSHES
Cover all irregularities in the floor surface, reach into all hollows, ensuring that the entire floor is well polished.

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Music by Tino Cichallan and his band featuring the most famous Philippines Radio & T.V. Star.

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By courtesy of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co., Sole Agents for Peter F. Heering, the first 160 customers this evening will receive a free glass of Cheerup (Cherry Heering and Bubble Up). The very latest in refreshing drinks.

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Even the slightest cold is to be feared. Do not let it spread! Defeat it from the start by taking 1 or 2 CASPINS.

'CASPIN'

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

13TH (WHITSUN) RACE MEETING

Saturday 16th and Monday 18th May, 1959
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 a.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The Tiffin interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 a.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, 5 D'Aguiar Street and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.

ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72911).

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$2.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$44.00 each in respect of both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5 D'Aguiar Street during office hours.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 15th May, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the last race on 18th May, 1959, may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices at:

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5 D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong on:

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 9th May . . . 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Saturday, 10th May . . . 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
Monday, 18th May . . . 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

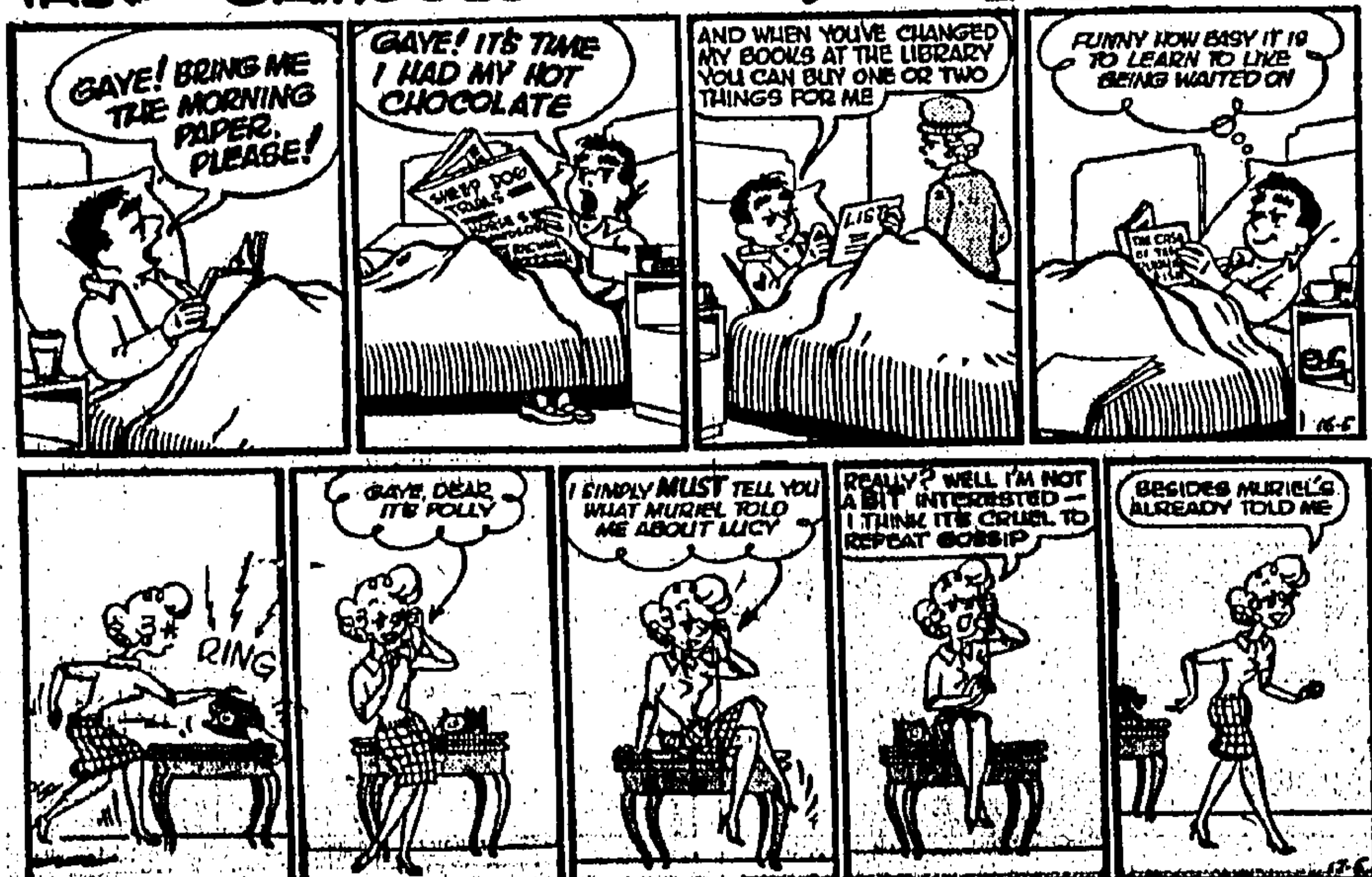
King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on:

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday, 9th May . . . 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.
Saturday, 10th May . . . 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 8th May, 1959.

THE GAMBOLS . . . By Barry Appleby



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CHINA MAIL

Page 18

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1959.

SHEAFFERS
Skrip

His First Stamps Won The Big Money

By A CHINA MAIL REPORTER

A Hongkong commercial artist who collects stamps as a hobby has won seven cash prizes in the world-wide competition for Hongkong's special stamp issue in 1962.

His total prize money of \$1,600 was the most won by any of the 48 entrants in the competition. The artist is Mr Cheung Yat-man, 28, who had never before attempted stamp designing.

\$25 MORE FOR CHANG FAN-WU

Three more donations for Chang Fan-wu, totalling \$25 have been received by the Editor of the China Mail. These will be passed on to Mr Chang in due course.

Mr. Chan's plight was reported in Tuesday's China Mail. On the following day a donation of \$30 was received by the China Mail. Today's donations bring the total up to \$81.

Davis Cup European Results

The following are the results of the second round European Zone Davis Cup matches played yesterday:

BOURNEMOUTH
South Africa took a winning 3-0 lead over Colombia. The South African pair Abe Segal and Gordon Forbes beat Colombia's Hernando Salas and William Alvarez 6-4, 6-1, 6-1 to follow South Africa's victory in the opening two singles on Thursday.

South Africa's opponents in the next round will be the winners of the Belgium-Italy second round tie.

STOCKHOLM
Sweden and Chile shared the opening singles matches. Jan Erik Lundqvist (Sweden) beat Patrio Rodriguez (Chile) 6-2, 6-4, 6-1.

WARSAW
Vladyslav Skonecki beat Ronald Barnes 6-1, 4-6, 5-7, 6-1, 6-1 to win the first singles match for Poland against Brazil.

Carlos Fernandez (Brazil) led Andrej Licki (Poland) 7-5, 4-6, 6-4 when the second singles was postponed because of bad light. The match will be completed tomorrow.—Reuter.

Mr Cheung was the only Chinese to win a prize in the competition which attracted entrants from all over the world.

Cheung won two prizes in the commemorative issue designs and one prize each in the designs for the low denominations—\$1, \$2, \$5, and \$20 stamps.

To mark the centenary of Hongkong's stamp history from 1862 to 1962, Mr Cheung used two figures and two tones in his designs.

In his design, the statue of Queen Victoria shaded in a light tone taking up a good part of the background and the portrait of Queen Elizabeth II in a deeper tone put in an oval frame signifying the passage of time. Result: he won the first prize.

Airport

To commemorate the Queen's Birthday in 1962, Cheung designed the background of another stamp in the typical Chinese motif for longevity—a circle with the conventionalised character 'inside'—while Queen Elizabeth again appears in an oval frame, this time in the middle.

This won him a fourth prize in the category of commemorative issue.

Out of eight designs he submitted for a total of seven categories, seven of his designs won prizes.

He won another first prize with a design for a \$5 stamp in which he featured Kai Tak Airport.

His design for a \$20 stamp shows a big lion in the foreground and the famous watchdog of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank with the Supreme Court in the background—a third prize.

Took A Month
Born of an artistic family in Hongkong, Cheung studied in the Che Yuen Middle School. Graduating in 1948, he joined his father, commercial artist and classical Chinese figures, and learned the art in his father's studio.

His grandfather was a typical Chinese painter, drawing birds, bamboos, rocks and landscapes.



Mr Cheung Yat-man

However, Cheung has a standing interest in stamps. He collected stamps before to study their colours, patterns, and lines.

It took Cheung 30 days to do the job, collecting materials, reading reference books, and watching the best ideas before taking up paint and brush.

With inspiration, he said, he could dash off a design in a matter of a few hours but when his inspiration played truant, he would be stuck for days.

Married with three children, Cheung does not smoke, drink, dance or go swimming.

His work from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. all year round keeps him in his studio most of the time. Said his father who is still going strong as his partner: "Sonny, you are a good boy."

U.S. RESTAURANT WAS "MADE IN HONGKONG"

By China Mail Reporter

A Chinese restaurant, being built in the United States, is being completely outfitted with Hongkong-manufactured goods. Manufacturers in Hongkong are providing exterior decorations, furniture, draperies, table-cloths, cutlery, chopsticks, a mass of bronze and brass work, and all the small trimmings necessary for a 50-table restaurant.

Much of the furnishings have already been shipped to America.

The restaurant, "The Golden Dragon," will be run by Mrs Alice Wong, a 1939 graduate of St John's, Shanghai.

It is in Fort Wayne, Indiana, an industrial city with a population of about 100,000.

Originally it was planned that American designers would go ahead with the work, but later the job was handed over to Hongkong interior decorator, Mr Eugene Wong.

Dragons

The biggest single job Mr Wong has had to cope with is the 108-foot facade.

At the front of the single-story restaurant is a triangular 40-foot tower.

Two 20-foot long golden dragons will be fixed on each side of the tower's facade facing the street. Above these will be a large globe, which changes colour from yellow to orange to emerald at night.

The dragons are of plastic-reinforced fibre-glass, designed to withstand all kinds of weather.

Through a process developed by Mr Wong, the fibre-glass has been folded, hammered and moulded into shape.

A Chinese sculptor-artist put the finishing touches to the dragons, ending up with a very realistic-looking fire-breathing monster.

All the painting has been done in the Colony. They will be shipped off about the end of May to San Francisco and flown to Indiana.

Furniture

In addition to all this, the group running the restaurant with Mrs Wong, have asked for a lot of teakwood furnishings. This is one of the more expensive items on the list, and they will be delivered in batches over the next year and a half.

It is planned to open the restaurant on June 1. The big golden dragons will not be there at the opening, but it is hoped to have them by the middle of July.

Four door-step sitting lions have also been ordered, two for each entrance to the restaurant. They are about five feet high, and will also be made of plastic reinforced fibre-glass.

Among the minor details are printed stationery, badges for the waitresses, menu covers of brocade, and a list of Hongkong products which will be on display in the restaurant, to provide, as Mr Wong put it, "a living showroom for Hongkong products."

So the only work that has to be done on the restaurant itself in America, is to piece together all of the furnishings shipped from Hongkong, and with labour, at something like US\$2.75 cents an hour, this is going to be a tremendous saving for Mrs Wong and her friends.

Cost of work so far is about US\$10,000 and there is still more to be done.

Top Chef

The restaurant is situated just off a main highway between two big American cities, and near the intersection of US Highway 30 and the California Road, so the big dragons and the ball of flame should provide a big attraction to travellers, as well as to some of the 100,000 residents of Fort Wayne.

There will be a car-park for 200 cars. Private dining rooms will be provided for parties, and both American and Cantonese food will be served.

The Cantonese chef Mr Soong Chin, now in New York City, is one of the top Chinese chefs in the United States.

Fidel's Operation

Havana, May 15.
Premier Fidel Castro's only son, nine-year-old Fidel Jr., underwent emergency surgery today for serious injuries suffered in a car accident. He was later reported in satisfactory condition.—UPI.

Americans Lead 4-0 In Walker Cup

London, May 15.
The United States opened up a 4-0 lead over Britain in today's opening matches in the 17th Walker Cup amateur golf match between the two countries in Scotland.

Today the Americans won all four foursomes and they will start tomorrow, when the eight singles are played, with a commanding lead.

Britain which holds the Ryder Cup for the professional match between the two countries and the Curtis Cup for the annual Anglo-American women's match will have to be on top form tomorrow to retrieve the position. Britain has won the Walker Cup only once since the first match, in 1922. Their sole win was in 1938. The United States have scored 15 wins.

RESULTS

Today's results (Americans first):
W.J. Patton and C.R. Coe beat M.F. Bernallack and A.H. Ferguson 4 and 2.

J.H. Ward and Dr F. Taylor beat R.R. Jack and D.N. Sewell by a hole.
W. Hyndman and T.D. Aaron beat J.B. Carr and G.B. Wolstenholme by a hole.
H.W. Wettlaufer and J. Nicklaus beat M.S.R. Lunt and A.E. Shepperson by two and one.—AFP.

Tibet Battle Looming

Kullmpong, May 15.
About 50,000 Tibetan rebels are massed around the Loka area of south-east Tibet preparing for a pitched battle with advancing Chinese Communist troops, according to well-informed sources.—Reuter.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley; 11.30. The Big Still; 12 Noon. June Time; 12.30 p.m. Three On A Mice; Keyboard Capers; 1.15. Weather Report; News and Special Announcements; 1.30. George Melachrino and Arch; 2. Saturday Request—Nick Kendall; 3. Year by Year—1958; 3.30. Nick Kendall; 4. Songs Of The Heart; 4.30. Rayburn Parke; 5. Unit Requests—Nancy Wise; 6. Birthday Mailbox; 6.30. Melody Magic; 6.50. Meet The Stars—J. C. Heard, Sarah Vaughan; 7. Jazz Is Where You Find It—Nick Kendall; 7.30. ABC Presents; 8. Time Signal and News; 8.30. Weather Forecast; 8.45. Announcements and Interludes; 9.15. Fiesta Time; 9.30. Voice Of Sport; 9.45. Parade; 10. Nick Kendall; 10. Crime Club; 10.30. Dance Party; 11. Nick Kendall; 11.30. Stop Press; 11.45. Dance Party; 11.50. Starlight Serenade; 12. Midnight. Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol; 2.30. Eddie Cantor Show, with John Barrymore Jr.; 3. Cantonese Feature: The Beggar Prince; Sun Mar-jai; 4.30. Puppets; 4.45. Children's Hour; 5.15. Cartoons; 5.45. Puppets On Stage; 6.30. Jungle Jim; 6.45. Close Down; 7. Saturday Variety Show; 8. Nick Kendall; 8.30. Dingo Cummings Show; 9. Dr Jekyll and Mr Cummings; 9.30. News; 10. Top Play Of 1958—Lost Perspectives; 10.45. Late Night Perspectives; 11.30. Late Night Perspectives; 11.45. Late Night Perspectives; 11.50. Late Night Perspectives; 11.55. Late Night Perspectives; 12. Late Night Perspectives.

Answer to "Did It Really Happen?" is—NO



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(as from 11th May, 1959)

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3 p.m.—6 p.m.
Telephone No. 64022.

(signed)
E. L. GROSSMANN, M.D.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

M.A. "TAIYUAN"
Arrd. 14th May, 1959.
Damaged cargo of this vessel will be surveyed by Messrs. Wood & Brown at Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf Godown at 10.00 a.m. on Tuesday, 19th May and Wednesday, 20th May, 1959 and consignee representatives are requested to be present during survey.

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DEATH

DE LEGASPI—Mrs Angelica Alonso de Legaspi, passed away peacefully May 15th, 1959 at St. Theresa's Hospital, Kowloon. Funeral will take place at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, May 16th, 1959. Burial at Catholic Cemetery, Cheungshan, Kowloon. Macao papers please copy.

CARS FOR SALE

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